

COMPLIMENTS OF
THE SEASON.

The Times

Sunday



A MERRY, MERRY
CHRISTMAS!

THE SALT LAKE ROAD PROJECT HAS PROBABLY BEEN KILLED BY HUNTINGTON.

Los Angeles

ANY STREAMS IN CALIFORNIA ARE OVERFLOWING OWING TO THE PRESENT STORM.

TWELFTH YEAR.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

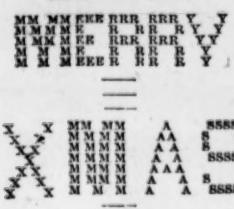
SUNDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 25, 1892.

4:10 O'CLOCK A.M.

PRICE: SINGLE COPIES, 5 CENTS
BY THE WEEK, 3 CENTS

STANDARD PIANOS.

A MERRY-



TO YOU ALL.

BARTETT'S
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S
MUSIC HOUSE.

FOURTH ANNUAL

TOURNAMENT OF ROSES,

AT VALLEY HUNT PARK, PASADENA,
Corner Wilson avenue and San Pasqual street,
NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Monday, January 2, 1893, under the auspices of
the Valley Hunt Club.

PROGRAMME:

Steeple chase over 2 miles course; journey of
the river; running race; butchers race in
costume; pony, broncho and ranchmen's races;
burro, donkey and mule races; race for Mexican
horses; all kinds of games; special Mexican
sports in charge of Don Arturo Bandini; hurdle
jumping, etc. Music by the Pasadena band. Refreshments served on the grounds

ADMISSION, 25 cts: CHILDREN, 15 cts.

Parade of decorated carriages will form at
the corner of Orange Grove avenue and Colorado
street at 10 a.m.

In case of inclement weather the tournament
will be postponed to Saturday, January 3.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—
UNDER THE DIRECTION OF AL HAYMAN.
MCCLAIN & LERMAN, Managers.

Friday and Saturday, DECEMBER 30-31,
SATURDAY MATINEE,

Only appearance here of Harry W. Williams'
Company, starring Harry Williams, the
Josephine Russell Bros., in

BILL'S — Opera;

Refridgerator — Burlesque;

Spectacular — BOOTH!

Vaudeville! —

Over Two Tons of Special Scenery!
Beautiful Wardrobe! Latest Songs!
Graceful Dancing!

A THLETIC PARK —

FYOOO TTTT BBBB AALLL
FYOOO TTTT BBBB AALLL
FYOOO T BBBB A ALLL
Stanford University

MONDAY, December 28, at 2:15 p.m.
ADMISSION 50c.

C H U R C H O F T H E U N I T Y —
Third and Hill st.

HAMLIN GARLAND

WILL LECTURE ON —

"The Poets of the New Eldorado."

DEC. 29.—"Americanism in Fiction and the
Drama."

DEC. 30.—"Local Novelists."

ADMISSION 25c. No reserved seats.

N E W L O S A N G E L E S T H E A T E R

SUNDAY, 1. 1893.

ROBERT UND BERTRAM, -

On The John Robert
Opera Company's New Act.

GIVEN BY THE eminent tenor, MR. HENRY

PFEIFFER, performed by the New York soprano,

Emma Birnbaum, and a strong company.

Prices as usual.

B O O M I N G

DDDD OOOO LLLSSS
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HALF PRICE: HALF PRICE!
To Close Entire Line!

LOCKHART'S, 327 S. SPRING.

SURGEON CHIROPODIST.

SHAMPOOING AND MANUFACTURING
Done at COSMETIC PAVERS, rooms 62 and 63.

Mrs. V. Drake and Miss A. Finucane.

JILLICH'S RESTAURANT,
145-147 N. MAIN ST.

Eastern and California Oysters
receive special.

PHYSICIANS.

LATEST SCIENTIFIC METHODS OF
electrical treatments, Prof. French's method
by which you can walk 42 ft. S. Main st.

Neuritis, sciatica, rheumatism, heart
troubles are being cured daily at 421 S.

Wednesday and Friday for men are Mondays.

Wednesday evenings the treatment is
done in the evening.

Male diseases, both medical and surgical. Or-
thopedic work, 10 a.m. to 12 m., 2 to 4 p.m.

Office, 320 N. Main st., opposite the St. Elmo Hotel.

Residence, 1710 S. Main st.

D. R. J. ADAMS, PHYSICIAN AND SUR-
geon. In charge of medical and surgical
specialities. Diseases of the heart, lungs, kidneys,
uterus, ovaries, etc. Diseases of women, her-
nial, rectal, sterility and genito-urinary diseases
also electric therapeutics; hours 10 a.m. to 7 p.m.

MRS. DR. WELLS—OFFICES IN HER
brick building, 127 S. Main st., bet Main
and Los Angeles, between 2nd and 3rd streets.

Specialties: diseases of women, her-
nial, rectal, sterility and genito-urinary diseases
also electric therapeutics; hours 10 a.m. to 7 p.m.

D. C. J. MULLEN, OFFICE 324½ S.
Spring st., bet 2d and 3d streets, bet Main
and Los Angeles, 1 to 4 p.m. Specialists: rheuma-
tism, headache, neuralgia; painless and per-
manent cure.

D. R. S. HUSTED, ROOM 3, 125½ S.
Spring st., Diseases of heart and lungs
hours: 10 to 12 a.m. and 1 to 4 p.m.

HOTELS.

HOLLENBECK HOTEL CAFE—
214 and 216 W. Second st.

J. E. AULL Proprietor.

Catering for Weddings and Parties in or out of

OYSTERS 90¢ DOZEN.

\$49.50.

GRAND VIEW HOTEL MONROVIA.
Now open for the season of 1892-93. Rooms
single and suite; gas, electric bells, baths, hot
and cold water; everything first-class; rates \$6
per day; double room, \$10; single room, \$8; double
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THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY.

PUBLISHERS OF THE
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H. G. OTIS.....President and General Manager.
L. E. MOSHER.....Vice-President.
ALBERT MCFARLAND.....Treasurer.
C. C. ALLEN.....Secretary.

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The Los Angeles Times

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

VOLUME XXII.

TWELFTH YEAR.

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Guaranteed Daily Circulation in November, 11,951 Copies.

Exceeding the combined circulation of all other Los Angeles daily papers.

Entered at the Los Angeles Postoffice for transmission as second-class mail matter.

The Times is for sale at the Occidental Hotel
every stand, San Francisco, price 5 cents per
copy.

WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS!

WHAT did all you fellows get in your
socks?

THERE is oceans of happiness abroad
in the land this morning.

ON this day, of all others, it is your
sweet privilege to sock it to 'em.

The dispositions of some people in
San Diego are enough to sour the milk
ranch of human kindness.

The Elmita Gazette has struck it. It
says that one-half the world doesn't let
his better half know how he lives.

ASSOCIATED PRESS—DEAR SIR: Now
that Mclynne has been reinstated, in
heaven's name keep still about him.

It's a little surprising that we haven't
read the name of Christopher Buckley
in connection with that Panama steal.

A HEADLESS baby has been born in
Atchison, Kan. If it grows up, what a
future it should have in a football team.

LET US know which one of you wants
to be chief justice of Samoa. There is
a job open. Don't talk at once, now.

BOLANGER should have waited a little
longer. He would have been the man
for the hour, just at this particular
juncture.

ADLAI has probably gone South to
rock "the cradle of Civil Liberty" that
his side partner Groves talks about in his
artless, platitudinous way.

GROVER is considerate in not saying
much about his Cabinet until after
Christmas. It will prevent spoiling a
good many people's turkey feed.

THE Atlanta Journal says: "The
trusts must go." Yes, indeed, they
must go right along, Standard Oil in
cluded, just as they always have.

IF some people's purses were only as
big as their hearts, what a gorgeous
Christmas morning this would be for
every poor little chap in the wide, wide
world!

GO IT, little children! bang those
drums! blow those horns! lug those
dolls around and wheel those buggies,
for it is the day of all days, when you
are the people!

MISS GWYNETH MAUDIE has been sen-
tenced to three months' hard labor in
England for theft. The man who sings
"Come into the Garden, Maudie," to her
for the next ninety days, will be simply
squandering his time.

A NEW paper has been started in Chi-
cago called the Dental Tribune. It
will undoubtedly have a great pull; but
if it should flunk financially, the editor
would look down in the mouth like the
rest of his tribe. See!

THEY may think over in France that
they have a first-class, rip-snorting
ruction on hand; but it isn't a patching
to the one now on California between
the White and Foote wings of the un-
terrified Democracy. Arguments have
long ago given way to stabbers and
shooters, and gore is simply flowing in
rivers from Shasta to the Mexican line,
and from Nevada to the wet, wet
ocean. In view of the fact that the
Democrats haven't a majority in the
Legislature, we would suggest that
they had better hunt up a few more
eggs before so much cackling is done
about the breed of chickens.

MARY AND JOHN* have been convulsing
Mount Carmel, Pa., with a convulsion
that was simply great. Two men
wanted her, one of them being her hus-
band, but, strange to say, she agreed to
take up with the one that was the "best
feller." They lit into each other for
forty minutes, a good portion of that
time "John" putting in his best licks
chewing the other man's ear. "Mary"
was referee, and because she declared
ear-chewing was not "foul" the audience
proceeded to knock her gallery west and
then got into a riot, in which knives
and six-shooters were prominent fea-
tures. Six people will die, but "Mary
and John" are all right, and have gone
home to revel in each other's love and
affection. There doesn't seem to be
any flies to speak of on "Mary and
John" of Mount Carmel, Pa.

THE TIMES acknowledges the receipt
from B. M. LeLong, secretary and ex-
officio chief horticultural officer of the
State Board of Horticulture, of a copy of
the report of the board for 1892. This
report is quite exhaustive in the
description of the State and all the
counties, horticulturally. Each county
was visited by an accredited agent of
the department, who personally col-
lected the statistics, etc., embraced in
the same. This is the first work of the
kind ever undertaken in this State, and
is claimed to be as correct in all its fea-
tures as it was possible to make it.

Any one desiring to obtain a copy can
do so on application to the office at San
Francisco, remitting 12 cents in stamps
for postage. In order to avoid delays
it is requested by the secretary that all
applications be briefly worded and only
relate to this volume.

Christmas is Come Again.

Such a thoroughly cooked and soaking
Christmas as this promises to be, Los
Angeles has not seen for many a day.
But it need not be any the less merry on
that account. This festival derives its
charm, not from any external condi-
tions—for the weather is generally cold
and forbidding enough in most parts of
our country—but because there is a cer-
tain resource in the human heart, which,
when invoked, makes us superior to the
most unpromising surroundings. Hu-
man happiness is something like the
plant which the botanists describe as
endogenous, because it increases with
internal growth. And the real secret
of the proverbial and all-but-univer-
sal happiness at Christmas tide is
the real secret of Christianity. It is
the spirit of unselfishness, the spirit of good will to everybody,
the desire to see all around us happy,
and to make them so. And one of the
divinest compensations in nature is the
fact that such a feeling toward man-
kind, no matter how humbly it may be
expressed, is a source of joy to and a
means of elevating and benefiting its
originator. As Tennyson has beauti-
fully expressed the idea,

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote
on all the chords with might;

Smoothed the chord of Self, that trembling,
passed it in music out of sight.

Yet how many there are who do not
embrace the full significance of the
day; who never think of the immortal
longings that out of it are satisfied; of
the heavenly promises that are cradled
in it; and of the life which has no end
which is its fulfillment.

And it is because Christmas is the
established time for Love to take up
this harp of Life and smite the chord
of Self, that it is the most joyous festi-
val on the calendar; that the happiness
which it brings is not dependent on the
weather or other extraneous conditions.

Already several of the Sunday
schools in this city have had their
Christmas festivities, and we are glad
to note that one of the features in the
programmes has been for each one of
the little folks to bring a present of
some kind for the orphans and the poor
children. The aggregate of contribu-
tions thus secured is considerable, and
will go a long way toward making
Christmas merry for a lot of young-
sters who stand most in need of cheering up.

Besides, it doubles the enjoyment and
more than doubles the benefits, of the
celebration for the Sunday-school boys
and girls. They are taught the beauti-
ties of giving, along with the pleasures
of receiving.

If children of a larger growth would
take this lesson to themselves, and
realize more fully the real secret of
happiness on Christmas day, the world
would be better than it is even on this,
the best day of the year. They should
understand that giving to their own is
only half-giving. There is in it a
species of selfishness, for all men and
women of natural instincts enjoy the
bestowal of gifts upon their own chil-
dren and relatives, and these tokens
are still retained as family posses-
sions. But let a man whose re-
sources warrant it and who has not
been accustomed to give way to these
so-called weaknesses, bestow his largess
on people who need it the most—on peo-
ple whom he has never seen before and
never expects to see again—let him
feel himself in touch with Him, and not
debarred from His sympathy by human
pomp and greatness.

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It will be the first souvenir coin
west of the Rocky Mountains," he said.
"as I go West this afternoon. Where
did I get it? I got this one and five
more just like it before leaving New
York Saturday. Seem to be ahead of
you Chicago people on souvenir coins.
Couldn't think of selling one. No;
there is no use of bidding up on me.
These coins go to New Mexico tonight."

A big dry goods truck was used in
carrying the coins from the sub-treasury
to the office of Treasurer Seeger, the
Columbian World's Fair, the trea-
soror being guarded by some muscular
guards.

THE FIRST COIN TO GO WEST.

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you Chicago people on souvenir coins.
Couldn't think of selling one. No;
there is no use of bidding up on me.
These coins go to New Mexico tonight."

A big dry goods truck was used in
carrying the coins from the sub-treasury
to the office of Treasurer Seeger, the
Columbian World's Fair, the trea-
soror being guarded by some muscular
guards.

THE FIRST COIN TO GO WEST.

"It will be the first souvenir coin
west of the Rocky Mountains," he said.
"as I go West this afternoon. Where
did I get it? I got this one and five
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LITERATEURS.

About Favorite Authors and Their Methods.

Mrs. Burnett's Forthcoming Story—A New Magazine.

Mr. Howells Will Not Go Abroad—His Literary Methods.

Marion Crawford's Literary Departure—Peculiarities of Book Thieves—General Literary Gossip—Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson.

Personal Correspondence of The Times.

New York, Dec. 15.—Mrs. Burnett's new story, which begins with the January Scribner's, is a peculiar production, quite unique in literature, and has an interesting origin. Some time ago Mrs. Burnett wrote a number of stories about various children she had met in the course of her life. These, as all her readers know, have been published in a volume entitled "Giovanna; and the Other." There was one child whom she had reserved for the last, the child whom she "knew best of all"—herself, and on the portrayal of this child she wished to bestow special pains. Other children she could study only from without. Their innermost thoughts and feelings escaped her. "There must be so many thoughts," she says "for which child courage and child language have not the exact words. So, remembering that there was one child of whom I write from the inside point of view and with certain knowledge, I began to make a little sketch of the one I knew best of all."

Mrs. Burnett originally intended to produce only a short story for children, but in the course of her writing new possibilities of great interest revealed themselves. She altered her plan therefore and determined to lengthen it, to address it to an older audience, and to make it a study of the growth of a child's mind. In a frank autobiographical form, she records the experiences of her girlhood, with its sensations and emotions at each new phase and problem of life she met. Most interesting are the chapters in which she presents her impressions when brought for the first time face to face with the three great facts of life: birth, marriage and death. The unsatisfied curiosity, the awe, reverence, and dread of the little "wonderer" are faithfully pictured.

Her childish attempts at story writing will interest and amuse her many admirers. Mrs. Burnett frankly admits that her object in literature, from the first, was remuneration, and the letter which accompanied her first manuscript left no room for doubt in the editor's mind on this point. Her family was in very limited circumstances. She was compelled to pick blackberries in order to obtain the necessary money to defray postage on her first literary offering. In sending it she was prompted simply by a desire to earn money, and her satisfaction, therefore, when her first check arrived in payment for this effort may be imagined. With the acceptance of her first manuscript her autobiography ceases; her purpose in the work being simply to present a true picture of childhood.

MARION CRAWFORD'S FORTHCOMING BOOKS—LITERARY METHODS.

Marion Crawford has recently completed an essay entitled "What is a Novel?" which will appear in an early number of the Forum. That is only the first of a number of like productions which Mr. Crawford has in contemplation. They will be issued finally in a book, which will constitute Mr. Crawford's first volume of essays. This departure in literature is not the only one that may be expected from the prolific and gifted author of "Saracinesca." Any one who has read his stories will recall the charming bits of verse that crop out here and there. Those who know Mr. Crawford best say he is a genuine poet, and hint that he has written more poetry than the public imagines. It will be no matter of surprise, therefore, if a volume of verse should come from him sometime, in the not very distant future. Mr. Crawford has been known now for a little over ten years. During that time works have flowed from his pen with a rapidity that seems amazing when we consider the high standard of merit sustained, and yet, this is easily understood by those who know how fluent and easy a writer Mr. Crawford is. He never revises his manuscript, and makes very few changes in proof. This, of course, gives his publishers trouble. An editor who can turn out his rapid successions of unflattering success and at the least possible expense is the publisher's ideal. That Mr. Crawford is correspondingly well treated I know, for he has expressed his entire satisfaction with the arrangement that exists between himself and publishers. In this he is quite an exception to the general run of authors. Perhaps the others, that grumble so about the terms they have to make with their publishers, would obtain satisfaction also if they did what Mr. Crawford does—write novels that pay.

Mr. Crawford receives no royalty from his books. "Life is short and art is long," he says, and he prefers the security of a small sum paid down for his manuscripts, leaving the rest for his publishers. Their risk in this case is virtually nothing, for any new work of Mr. Crawford's has now an assured success. He has published altogether eighteen novels, all of which have sold very largely. His publishers say that the aggregate sales, in America alone, exceed 300,000 copies, and the number is rapidly approaching half a million. Of these, "Saracinesca" has sold most, justly, "Mr. Isaacs" standing next in popularity.

The choice of the public and that of the author evidently do not agree, for Mr. Crawford considers "Zoroaster" as far his best work. In addition to the course of readings which Mr. Crawford is now giving, and for which he has zealously prepared himself, he has recently completed a new novel which will be published at an early date. It is entitled "The Children of a King," and pictures the life of some descendants of the old Goths. The scene is laid in Southern Italy; the time is the present decade.

MR. HOWELLS NOT GOING ABROAD.

Two reports have been circulated quite freely of late in the newspapers concerning W. D. Howells. One was that he was expecting soon to go abroad; the other that he was preparing a new story. Both of these reports Mr. Howells distinctly denies. "It is all a mistake," he said. "I have no intention of going abroad. My home is here in New York, and I shall remain here indefinitely. As to a new story, it is always safe to say that I am going to write a story, but I have no story definitely planned for the future. I am

just completing my serial for the Ladies' Home Journal. Beyond that, my literary plans are undecided. I shall continue my articles in the Cosmopolitan, and I have other magazine work ahead, but no novel definitely in view. A novel is the source of great anxiety and care to me. Experience does not relieve this. Each new novel brings with it new cares, new doubts, new fears. I never feel quite confident that it will work out just as I would like it to. Sometimes such grave doubts assail me that I suspend work for awhile. In the course of writing my 'Undiscovered Country,' I was compelled to stop and lay aside the work. It rested for two years during which time I wrote 'The Lady of the Arostook,' and another work. Then I resumed and completed it."

BOOK THIEVES.

"About this season of the year, when we are making a fine holiday display of books, we have to be as careful as the jewelers in guarding against thieves," said a prominent bookseller of New York recently. "We have, to be more careful, in fact, because it is very hard to tell a book thief at sight. They are rarely professional crooks—there isn't enough to be gained in a book store to attract an experienced crook. They are usually sneak-thieves or half way respectable people who suffer from a slight moral obliquity. It is a curious fact that there are plenty of people who appropriate books as they would umbrellas, and who would not think of stealing anything else. They seem to think books are common property. That is an impression we have to struggle against, and we have curious experiences, too. Some of the thieves we have caught are fairly honest people who have been driven to the theft by poverty, and choose books because other books are easiest to steal. Others are regular crooks, who caught one fellow last winter who was trying to move out a whole set of twenty-five books, one volume at a time. We caught him on the tenth volume. A few days ago we caught a new kind of thief. He doesn't steal books. He cuts or rips out handsome etchings and engraved illustrations from the books and sells them to picture collectors and others. As a curious example of the moral obliquity of book thieves, I remember the librarian of a prominent library told me once that his statistics showed that more books were stolen from the theological section than any other section of the library."

A NEW MAGAZINE PROJECT.

F. S. Somers, formerly editor of Current Literature, has just returned from his year's travel in Japan and the East. He is quite restored in health and full of plans for the future. Although he has been offered several tempting editorial positions, he has declined all that may devote himself to the main object of his return—the founding of a new magazine.

As a founder of magazines, Mr. Somers is indefatigable. He began his career in the Pacific Coast papers and built it up to a state of prosperity. In the summer of 1888 he came to New York with the purpose, as he expressed it, "of making a successful magazine out of the waste-basket—out of things which were usually thrown away." Current Literature was the result, and no one has to be told of its success during his editorship. Last February he was compelled, through ill health, to sever his connection with the magazine and travel abroad. Mr. Somers does not care to state anything definite as yet concerning his new magazine further than to say that it will be semi-electric in character and popular tone.

GENERAL GOSPI.

A new English-American magazine will be issued simultaneously here and in England on January 1. It is to be Jerome K. Jerome's The Idler, which was started last February in England. It has already proved a greater source of profit to Mr. Jerome than his stories and plays have done.

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson has written a new story with a dog for a hero. It is entitled, "Under Sentence of the Law," and it tells of a dog that was condemned to death by a court of law in Switzerland, but whose sentence, by a petition of all the villagers, was commuted by the judge to perpetual muzzlement. Mrs. Stevenson has also written her reminiscences as a housekeeper.

The many Western friends of Eugene Field will be glad to know that his venture on the platform as a reader has been attended with flattering success in the East. The entertainment which Mr. Field and Mr. Cable offer conjointly drawing larger and appreciative audiences. Mr. Field's "Second Book of Western Verse," by the way, will be published immediately after the advance inquiries for it. The publishers anticipate a very large sale. Mr. Field's two first books, "A Little Book of Western Verse" and "A Little Book of Profitable Tales," have now passed through several editions, reaching a total sale of 20,000 copies.

Henry T. Finck's "Life of Wagner," which was announced last year, but which was delayed by pressure of other work, is now nearing completion, and will be published very shortly, in two volumes, by the Scribners. Mr. Finck has long been the musical editor of the New York Evening Post, and a recognized authority on Wagner. His work is, therefore, expected to take rank as a standard biography. When this is completed Mr. Finck will devote himself to a descriptive work on Japan, for which he has been collecting materials through many years of travel.

Miss Rose Kingsley, the daughter of Charles Kingsley, has been writing on the subject of the family of "Heredward the Wake," whose life and adventures her father has depicted graphically in his famous novel of that name. She has succeeded in tracing the descendants of her father's hero down to the present time. The story of this family offers many points of interest. Hereward, it will be remembered, was a son of Leofric and the noble Lady Godiva, whose famous ride through Coventry in nature's charms attire has been celebrated in much controversy by historians, poets and painters.

BARRY PAIN'S new school story will soon appear serially. The new one-volume novel which Mr. Pain is now writing for Messrs. McIlvaine, Osgood & Co. will also appear first in serial form.

Frank Popen Humphreys, the author of "A New England Cactus" in the Pseudonym series, has been tracing the history of Annie Laurie, the heroine of the famous song, and her husband, the Laird of Craigdarroch. She has had the help of Sir Emilius Lawrie of Maxwellton, once a well-known clergyman in London.

JOHN SCOTT.

THE GREAT REGISTER.

Extra copies of the Great Register of voters in Los Angeles, just printed, may be had at THE TIMES counting-room. Price \$2.

THOSE \$300 all-wool pants, of which so much has been said, continue to go. Look them. Mullen, Bluffet & Co.

For Sale or Exchange.

\$300 worth of Hats and Men's Furnishing goods for sale, or will exchange for city or country real estate. Will assume if necessary. Call or address John E. Hall. Times building, Broadway side, second floor.

CALL ON US AND WE CAN SUGGEST A MOST APPROPRIATE GIFT FOR CHRISTMAS. Mullen, Bluffet & Co.

JOHN SCOTT.

HAVING A GOOD TIME

Is a delightful human experience. Seventy-five thousand people annually have a "good time" at Coronado Beach. The reasons are legion. Send two stamps with request for copy of "The Reasons Why I Prefer Coronado." This booklet tells you why the

HOTEL DEL CORONADO

is the favorite watering place of the best class of eastern tourists who visit the Pacific coast. It tells all about the peerless climate, the fishing, the shooting, the bathing, the large, new salt water swimming tanks under glass roof, the drives, the excursions, and all about the diversions, sports and the hotel. In short, it tells you what to do at Coronado Beach and how to do it.

ROUND TRIP TICKETS

From Los Angeles, Pasadena, Pomona, San Bernardino, Colton, Riverside, Redlands, Orange, Anaheim and Santa Ana are sold for \$2.00, including one week's board in \$3.00 and \$3.50 rooms. Privilege of longer stay at \$3.00 per day. T. D. YEOMANS, Agent, Los Angeles, 129 North Spring St. Tickets on sale at Santa Fe office, 129 North Spring street, or at First street station. At all other points with local railroad agents. Address

E. S. BARCOCK,
Manager Hotel del Coronado.

Eagleson & Co's
GRAND STOCK
—OF—

Holiday Goods!

Neckwear,
Gloves,
Initial Handkerchiefs,
Mufflers,
Suspenders,
Dress Shirts,
Night Shirts,
Negligee Shirts,
Hosiery,
Underwear, Etc.

Fine Goods at Popular Prices

: II2 :

South Spring st.

Nearly opposite the Nadeau Hotel.

That
Handsome
.Piano
Lamp
will be
Presented
to the
Person
Holding
No.
809
at

The Unique
ISAACS BROS. PROPS.

253

South

Spring Street,

Three doors north of

THIRD STREET.



Merry
Christmas.

Rather wet yesterday, but we had plenty of orders from Santa Claus. To our friends and patrons we extend the compliments of the season.

LONDON
CLOTHING
COMPANY
Cor. Spring and Temple sts.



If You Have Not,

Why Not Try

MIDLAND COFFEE?

OTHERS HAVE.
YOU WILL
FIND IT
THE BEST
COFFEE
NOW ON
THE MARKET
FOR THE PRICE.
IT HAS STRENGTH.
IT HAS FLAVOR.

For Sale by All Grocers.

Whisky,
Morphine and
Opium Habits

Cured.

LeDuc Gold Institute,

328 South Spring St.

Joseph Diffusi,
Violin Maker and Repairer!
Also repairer of all kinds of musical instruments. Can give the best references from the leading musicians in the city. Instruments for artists and for sale. Musical Instruments procured from the best and latest sources. First-class work guaranteed. Prompt attention! Moderate prices.

NIckel
Dished
MAKER
and
REPAIRER
OF
UMBRELLAS PARASOLS
REINFORCED IN every style.
Canes, Fans, Dolls, etc.
finely repaired. First-class
work guaranteed.
PROMPT ATTENTION!
Moderate Prices.



..Read.. This..

Pretty near time to think of Holiday Goods.

Don't be last and don't come with the crowd. Look over our stock early and take your time in selecting. We want you to remember us when it comes to Hats, Neckwear, Suspenders, Handkerchiefs, etc.—ahead of anything ever shown here before. The assortment is very extensive and contains some novelties that will interest you. Our prices are always right; our goods the best, and any one will tell you so who knows Siegel.

Fiegel the Hatter
Men's Furnisher
LOS ANGELES, CAL.
Under Nadeau Hotel

THE MARGRAVE,
S. M. HAYT, J. A. WILLIAMS, Proprietors.
No. 124 South Spring Street.
East side of the street, bet. First and Second.

Cloaks and Millinery

Useful and Sensible Holiday Gifts.

Entirely new stock of CLOAKS at prices that defy competition. We invite comparisons.

Sepia Portraits for the Holidays.

Steckel

Accurate and Artistic.

Sepia Portraits made direct from life or from old photographs, platinotypes, porcelains, transparencies.

Highest Awards received at the Sixth District Fair held October 2 to 8, 1892. Highest Awards received at the Sixth District Fair October 1891. Medal and Diplomas Awarded by the Photographers' Association of America, Boston, 1892. Buffalo, 1891; the unquestionable authority for superiority.

STUDIO, 220 S. Spring-st., Opposite Los Angeles Theater and Hollenbeck

KORN & KANTROWITZ,
DRORS &
UTERS
The LEADING
TRADE FAIR

214 South Broadway.

Grand Detour Common Harrow.



This Harrow is a great seller. It is known as the GRAND DETOUR COMMON HARROW and is sold in one, two and three sections at \$1.00 per section, complete with Patent Draw Bar.

Circulars sent on application descriptive of this Harrow, also of the Evans Steel Frame Lever Harrow. The best Lever Harrow made.

We are General Agents for the above, and for full lines of Steel and Chilled Plows.

MATHEWS & BOSSYSHELL CO.,
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V. D. SIMMS, Mangr. Hotel Palomares POMONA, CAL

A quiet home for families and tourists. Situated on the main line Southern Pacific, 12 miles from Los Angeles, 16 trains daily. elegantly furnished rooms. House surrounded with broad, sunny porches. Each room has heating facilities.

Strictly First-class! Special Accommodations to Commercial Travelers.

FOSMIR IRON WORKS,
Manufacturers of all kinds of
Mill, Mining, Pumping and
Hoisting Machinery.

Our Specialty is the Well-known Improved Fosmir Gang Plow.
ARCHITECTURAL

NATIONAL CAPITAL.

The Christmas Season Will Be Unusually Quiet.

Sickness Once More Invades the Executive Mansion.

Senator Frye Makes Light of England's Fleet on the Lakes.

Blaine's Condition So Much Improved That His Family are Quite Hopeful—Drastic Measures to Be Taken Against Canada.

By Telegraph to The Times.
WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—[By the Associated Press.] President Harrison's grandchild, Mariana Harrison, has been stricken with scarletina. The disease is in a mild form, but the doctors say that unless great precautions are taken it is liable to attack the other children in more violent form. The little sufferer has been fainted and will have to remain in the White House till she is well, as the laws of the District forbid removal. The White House therefore is closed to the public. The little one is a daughter of Russell Harrison. The McKee children were allowed the festivities of a Christmas tree in a modified form this afternoon.

The holiday of the year will be an unusually quiet occasion in official circles this year. There is no inclination among families of Cabinet officers to make any display in view of the gloom that envelops the White House. There will be no dinner parties aside from those comprising members of family and visitors.

Vice-President Morton will have with him five of his daughters. Secretary of State and Mrs. Foster have with them Mrs. Foster's mother and brother, Mr. and Mrs. McPherson of Evansville, and a few other guests. Secretary of the Treasury Foster has gone to Fosteria, where he will eat his Christmas dinner with his daughter. Secretary and Mrs. Elkins have a houseful of children for the holidays. Atty.-Gen. and Mrs. Miller will have their family increased by their new daughter-in-law and Miss Miller's name. Postmaster General and Mrs. Wanamaker will spend Christmas in Philadelphia, in their country place near Philadelphia, where they will have a family gathering. Secretary Tracy will dine with his daughter and granddaughter, Mrs. and Miss Wilmerding. Secretary and Mrs. Noble will have several friends, who are in Washington, to dine with them. Secretary and Mrs. Rusk will dine with their son and daughter.

All the executive departments closed at noon today, not to be opened again till Tuesday morning.

BLAINE DOING WELL.
The Ex-Secretary's Condition Still Encourages His Family.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—[By the Associated Press.] Blaine rested comfortably last night and was better this morning. The patient is now getting along so comfortably that his physician, Dr. Johnston, thinks there is no longer any occasion for himself and Dr. Hyatt to make early morning visits. Members of the family were out today doing Christmas shopping.

"Blaine is getting along very well, indeed," said Dr. Johnston at 7 o'clock this evening. The physician's regard the condition of their patient as better than it has been at any time for the last fortnight. The maintenance of his strength is one of the most encouraging features and gives members of the family ground for renewed hope. So much improved is he that a few callers were received at the house today. Washington papers have ceased to publish extended reports of Blaine's condition.

ENGLAND'S LAKE FLEET.
The Ex-Secretary Says This Country Has No Cause for Alarm.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—[By the Associated Press.] It is not probable that the Senate will take any action on the alleged intention of Great Britain to strengthen her armed forces on the great lakes with war vessels under the pseudonym of revenue matters. Senator Frye, chairman of the Committee on Commerce and the leading member of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, who is a recognized authority in marine affairs, said that the present agitation of the matter is all "poppycock." Besides, he says, if it were true, he is positive that he could select twenty-five vessels on the lakes that could within a very short time be armed and equipped better than the Canadian cutters.

"I believe," he said in conclusion, "that Great Britain has not the slightest intention of turning her new revenue vessels into war ships."

LIGHT-WEIGHT COINS.

Their Recoinage to Be Urged as a Currency Measure.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—[By the Associated Press.] Representative Sayres of Texas, chairman of the sub-committee in charge of the preparation of the Sundry Civil Appropriation Bill, is engaged in inquiry into the quantity of light-weight or uncurrent currency held by the Government. This currency, both gold and silver, now serves no useful purpose for monetary use, since notes cannot be issued against it while debased. Sayres' intention is to ascertain the amount of this coin and provide for an increase of circulation by its recoinage into fine weight. A report says Congress sat in the year since that there was in the treasury at that time \$1,500,000 in uncurrent gold coin. It was estimated that the recoinage would cost \$20,000.

DRASTIC MEASURES

To Be Taken to Stop Canada's Discrimination Against This Country.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—[By the Associated Press.] The President has called upon the executive departments for all information in their possession relative to freight coming into the United States over the Canadian Pacific Railroad. The unjust discrimination against United States railroads, made by law or rather by its construction, in favor of the Canadian Pacific by means of the consular seal system, has long been a source of complaint at the Treasury Department. Under this law freights are shipped from Canada to interior points in the United States under the consular seal system. A United States consul certifies that the manifest is correct; that he has sealed and closed the car, and that certification covers the freight through without inspection, thus saving from one to two days' delay and cost of rehandling the freight, etc. When the law was passed, the traffic was small, but gradually the

business has grown until instead of handling only Canadian goods in this way the law has been perverted, and now more goods having their origin in China and Japan are shipped over the Canadian Pacific through the United States than are goods of Canada.

Furthermore, the Canadian Pacific has recently had a duty of 10 per cent placed upon coffee and tea coming from the United States into Canada, while the same articles from other countries are free. The effect of this has been to divert this traffic from American ports and to have coffee and tea come over the Canadian Pacific from Vancouver, B.C. These evidences of unfriendliness are regarded at the State Department as requiring some drastic measures. It is therefore proposed to suspend the operation of the section until Congress shall make proper provision to stop discrimination against American railroads.

THE BORDER WAR.

A Mexican Denial That There is Any Real Trouble.

His Statement Followed by News of an Alray Between United States Deputies and Bandits—Two Deputies Captured.

Telegraph to The Times.

CITY OF MEXICO, Dec. 24.—[By the Associated Press.] An editorial will tomorrow publish an account of the United States Government of negligence and want of vigilance in allowing bandits to cross the frontier.

The Minister of War today declared that, notwithstanding the reports to the contrary, published in the United States and Europe, there is no revolutionary movement in Mexico, nor is there any armed force in the country save that controlled by the government. The Minister declared that these reports have their origin in the fact that a small armed band recently crossed into Mexico from the Texas side and surprised the Mexican pickets at San Ygnacio. After a slight skirmish the marauders retired whence they came. Indians in the State of Chihuahua are pacific, and no trouble whatever is apprehended from them.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—Secretary Schofield had a conference with Gen. Sherman today with regard to the best methods of effectually suppressing the apparently increasing lawlessness along the Rio Grande. Capt. J. G. Bowes of the Third Cavalry, who has been summoned from Texas for consultation, will probably reach here Monday night. No official reports in regard to these troubles have been received for the past two days.

ON THE BORDER.

A Bandit Prisoner Turns the Tables on His Captors.

St. Louis, Dec. 24.—[By the Associated Press.] Latest developments in affairs on the Rio Grande border are told in a dispatch from Laredo, Tex. It appears that United States Deputy Marshal Hall captured one of the bandits named Palacio, and started him for Laredo in charge of two deputy marshals. The party had proceeded but a few miles when they were attacked and overpowered by six revolutionists, who released the prisoner and carried off the deputy marshals as prisoners. It is probable that martial law will be declared all along the lower Rio Grande.

NEUVO LAERDO (Mexico) Dec. 24.—The Mexican revolutionists have committed another bold outrage on United States soil. A lengthy dispatch was received here today from Guadalajara, which states that reliable information had just reached there of an engagement in Zapata County, Tex., between a party of 150 revolutionists and a detachment of the hundred revolutionists, which resulted in the defeat of the marshals and capture of two of the latter, who are being held as prisoners by the outlaws.

Last Wednesday this posse left their camp, about forty miles below Carrizo, and made a raid upon a ranch. They captured Julian Palacio, one of the leaders of the recent revolutionary movement, and started back to their camp with him.

On Friday morning the camp of the deputy marshals was attacked by three hundred well-armed and well equipped revolutionists. The deputy marshals made a desperate resistance, were overpowered and compelled to make a retreat. The revolutionists released Palacio and captured two deputy marshals.

It is reported that a number of revolutionists were killed and wounded and that three United States deputies were wounded. There is also a rumor that the deputies who were taken prisoners were hanged by the revolutionists, and their bodies riddled with bullets, but no confirmation of this last mentioned rumor has been received. It is understood here that the Federal authorities in Laredo have received full particulars of the fight, but that they are supporting the news in order that the plan which they are arranging for capturing the desperate band may be carried out successfully.

SAN MIGUEL (Mexico) Dec. 24.—Excitement was created among the Federal troops stationed here last night by a report brought by a courier that several hundred well-armed men had been seen near San Fernando de Spain, State of Tamaulipas. It is believed the force was a band of smugglers and brigands, not connected with the border revolutionary movement. A detachment of troops was sent after them.

ORANGE-GROWERS COMBINE.

A Protective Organization Formed by Them at Riverside.

RIVERSIDE, Dec. 24.—[By the Associated Press.] A meeting of orange-growers, packers and shippers was held here today to form an organization to maintain the price of the season's orange crop. The representatives present have the principal orange shipping and packing establishments in the State. It was decided to form the "Orange-growers' Protective Association." There will be a further meeting next Saturday to perfect the organization.

RACES AT BAY DISTRICT.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 24.—Five and one-half furlongs: Queen B. won, Patrici second, Prince third; time 1:12.

Three-quarters of a mile: Iris filly won, Joshua second, Wicklow third; time 1:10 1/2.

Two miles: Democrat won; Cantilla second, Merid third; time 3:41 1/2.

Fourth race: Bessie W. won, Revolver second, Cyclone third; time 1:41 1/2.

Five furlongs: Jack the Ripper won, Ida Glenn second, St. Croix third; time 1:05 1/2.

A CHANCE FOR LAWYERS.

Two Women Fighting for the Estate of a Rich Man.

INDIANAPOLIS, Dec. 24.—[By the Associated Press.] There are two women in Covington, Ind., laying claim to the estate of John Cox, each claiming to be his widow. The deceased was a familiar figure all over that part of the country. He owned rich lands in Fountain county and also in Ohio. Altogether he must have been worth \$50,000. Four years ago he made his home near Covington. Two small children were with him who called him father, and there was also a young French woman, who was understood to be the nurse of the children. In 1889 he removed to Ohio and a short time ago he died. The French woman now appears upon the scene, laying claim to one-third of the estate as the widow of Cox. Scarcely had she entered proceedings in the Circuit Court before Mrs. Lounenberg of Chicago appeared and made a similar claim. The last named claims to have remarried after Cox's death. A long and costly litigation is anticipated.

Burglars at Madera.

MADERA, Dec. 24.—Last night burglars broke into the hardware store of Ripperdon & Drake and the jewelry store of B. A. Maxson, despoiling them of everything of value they could carry away. The loss in both stores is about five hundred dollars. There is no clew to the perpetrators.

HELD FOR CONTEMPT.

A New Phase of the 'Frisco Election Squabble.

Modesto's Missing Man Writes to His Friends from Maine.

Riverside Orange-growers Combine for Protection.

How the Late L. L. Baker Disposed of His Large Estate—Racing at Bay District—Other Pacific Coast News.

By Telegraph to The Times.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 24.—[By the Associated Press.] Yesterday Judge Slack made an order directing Registrar Brown to appear in court this morning and open the sealed envelope containing the ballots polled in the seventh precinct of the Thirty-sixth Assembly District at the recent election. The court desires to inspect the ballots, as they are evidence in the matter of the charge preferred against Ben Napthaly of having falsely called off votes while an officer of election.

The Registrar refused to produce the ballot, and was ordered to custody for twelve hours. An application of the Registrar for a writ of habeas corpus was considered by the Supreme Court. They finally issued the writ, made returnable before the Supreme Court in bank this afternoon.

MODESTO'S MISSING MAN.

Dr. Tynan Heard From—He Is Living in Maine Town.

MONTEREY, Dec. 24.—[By the Associated Press.] A letter has been published here from Dr. Thomas Tynan, the wealthy rancher and hotel owner of this place, who disappeared mysteriously from San Francisco a few months ago. Immediately after his disappearance conjectures of foul play were freely indulged in, and Capt. Lees, of the San Francisco detective force, was given the task of tracing him up. The Captain found that he had gone east, and traced him to some point in New York, beyond which he could secure no knowledge. It was understood that domestic trouble led to his departure.

After a sub-rosa experience of about two months, the Doctor's whereabouts are given in the letter. It is written to Mrs. Adams of Modesto, an old lady who has an intimate friend of the family for years. Dr. Tynan comes from a town in Maine (name not given) where he is in poor health, and is staying with a man who was the former foreman of his Modesto ranch. He makes no statement as to when he may return to California. The Doctor is reported to be worth half a million dollars, consisting of ranch property, bank account and a hotel in Modesto, the Fresno House.

A RICH MAN'S WILL.

Returning Miners Tell Stories of Much Hardship and No Profit.

ALBUQUERQUE (N. M.) Dec. 24.—[By the Associated Press.] The first thoroughly reliable reports that have come from the new placer diggings in South Utah have just been received through the return of a party of old California miners, who were among the first to go into the new district and have prospected it thoroughly. They think there is gold there and that it will eventually become a gold camp, but all those who are now rushing in, expecting to gather up gold by the handfuls, will be seriously disappointed, and very hard times are in store for them.

There are at least one thousand men already in the new camp, and practically nothing is being done except by the Arizona and Utah Mining Company, which has located all the best ground.

The weather is cold, provisions are enormously high, and although a color can be found anywhere in the sand, a man cannot pan out half enough to pay his board. Hundreds of people now

there are anxious to work for the company, doing the most disagreeable kind of labor at very low wages to get enough to take them home.

Holiday Photos!

Christmas Presents.

Four Premiums and Diplomas awarded Dewey at the Sixth District Agricultural Fair, 1891. Those desiring photos for Christmas presents should call at once. Special inducements during the holidays. Finishing for amateurs. Finest finished Cabinet Photos, \$3.50 per dozen.

Dewey's Art Parlors,

125½ S. Spring.

147 S. Main.

Oldest Auctioneer in Southern California.

At the old stand, No. 16 North Los Angeles street, next to Hawley, King & Co.'s Office, at J. H. Reynolds' Carriage Repository. Telephone No. 864.

Semi-weekly sales Wednesday and Saturday at Phelps & Lewis's Sale Corral.

Charges on the live and let live principle.

E. W. Noyes, Auctioneer

SAN JUAN PLACERS.

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BOND INVESTMENT

\$100,000

Of the Pasadena & Mt. Wilson Railway Bonds are now ready for issue and will be offered for a short time to home investors.

These Bonds are secured by a first mortgage or deed of trust, bearing 7 per cent. per annum interest, payable semi-annually, on the 1st and 15th of January and of each year, and are in denominations of \$1000 and \$600 each. Both principal and interest payable in United States gold coin.

A special advantage will be given to the purchasers of this issue of bonds only.

Investments can be made for periods of time to suit purchasers from six months to ten years, and the interest guaranteed equal to that of the best banks will go to each purchaser of the first \$100,000 of these bonds; consequently all money invested as above will be as safe and as sure to be paid at the time agreed upon as if deposited in any savings or commercial bank.

Inasmuch as the greater portion of this bond is held by individuals who will be necessary to issue until the road is sufficiently completed to go into operation for traffic.

Full information can be obtained from the Los Angeles Safe Deposit and Trust Company and the First National Bank, 313 South Spring Street, Los Angeles, and from the banks in Pasadena, viz.: First National Bank, Pasadena National Bank and San Gabriel Valley Bank, also the First National Bank, Esq., the Company's legal adviser, First National Bank building, Pasadena, Cal.

For prospectus and other information call on or address the Pasadena and Mt. Wilson Railway Co., Main office in Pasadena Grand Opera House Block, Pasadena, Cal.

No

Fountain of Youth

Can be Found.

BUT YOU CAN LOOK YOUNG.

Looking at you feel young. Mrs.



NEWS AND BUSINESS.

The Weather.

U. S. WEATHER OFFICE, LOS ANGELES, Dec. 24, 1892.—At 8 a.m. the barometer recorded 30° 19' at 10 a.m. 30° 20'. Thermometer at corresponding hours showed 53° and 55°. Maximum temperature, 55°; minimum temperature, 50°. Character of weather, rainy. Rainfall past twenty-four hours, 2.27 inches. Rainfall for season, 8.67 inches.

WEATHER BUREAU.

Reports received at Los Angeles on December 24. Observations taken at all stations at 8 p.m., 75th meridian time.

PLACE OF OBSERVATION.	Barometer.	Temperature.	Maximum tem-	Wind in last 12
			hours, inches.	hours.
Los Angeles	30.25	50	52.17	0.02
San Diego	30.00	52	54.02	0.02
Preston	30.00	52	64.44	0.02
Keele	30.00	56	58.45	0.02
San Francisco	30.98	56	64.18	0.02
Santa Barbara	30.00	56	64.45	0.02
Red Bluff	30.00	56	64.45	0.02
Eureka	30.00	56	64.45	0.02
Roseville	30.00	56	64.45	0.02
Portland	30.00	56	64.45	0.02

Timely suggestions: Prepare to start off with the new year right. The church proclaims the man fit who wears his success and sees to the respect of people, be well dressed. It is the best investment of the small amount it costs that a business man can make. You can this week get a suit of clothes or an overcoat, made to measure, for \$15. Necessities of life, North Spring street, for a very little money. He has the knack of making even a very inexpensive material, if you wish that kind, look tasteful and dressy, because he is a master of style, and makes every thing in a very artistic manner. No tailor has no finer tailor. See him.

Mr. George T. Eaton, having purchased the musical merchandise business known as Smart's music store, will sell the present stock of instruments at a sacrifice to make room for the large and good collection from New York and London. Violins, banjos, guitars, mandolins will be sold at 20 per cent. discount. A full line of 10 cent music will always be kept in stock. Mr. Eaton intends to carry the largest stock of instruments ever carried in this city.

Another grand reduction for those elegant Christmas photos. The Lanson Studio, No. 315½ South Spring street, is now making the finest photos in the city at reduced prices. Twenty-five new and striking backgrounds. Nearly a hundred of elegant accessories have arrived. No finer pictures made in the city at any price. Over. Mammoth Shoe Store.

Important notice! I desire to announce to my friends and patrons that my contract having expired with the American Goods Co., I will from now on be found at my own place of business—The Margrave, No. 124 South Spring street, where I shall be pleased to serve you. Thanking you for your past kindness, I am yours truly, Mrs. S. M. Hay.

Recent arrivals at the Menlo, include: G. W. Baird and wife, J. D. Blaisdell, Miss Mary Blaisdell, Mrs. Sadie E. Anderson, Miss Flora Hopkins of Minneapolis, Minn.

A pleasant accident at the corner of Spring and First streets yesterday afternoon was only prevented by the prompt action of a cable car gripman. The train was just rounding the curve when a couple tried to cross the tracks. The gripman succeeded in stopping his car in time to keep from smashing the vehicle, notwithstanding one of the wheels caught in the dummy rail.

Mr. Pope, the well-known bicycle manufacturer and lecturer on road improvement, has recently had prepared two interesting pamphlets on the regulation of roads applicable to the use of bicycles in the regular army. Both volumes are compiled under the direction of regular officers and embody the official tactics now in practice at the military bicycling detachment of Fort Sheridan, Ill.

PERSONALS.

W. W. Horton is in town from New York. J. Johnson of Denver is registered at the Nadeau.

J. P. Smith came down yesterday from Stanford University.

Dr. Huntington, Medical Director of the Department of Arizona, has been ordered to the Pacific Coast on a board of examination of officers for promotion.

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Among the latest arrivals at the St. Anthony, are the following: William H. Patterson, Jr., New York; W. H. French and wife, Detroit; Miss T. V. Curtis, Minneapolis; Mrs. A. Newton, Washington, D. C.; Henry Elliott, Chicago; Thomas Rhodes, Denver, Colo.

Gen. J. P. Hawks, who has served for some years as commissary of the Department of War, has been nominated by the President as Commissary General. Gen. Hawks will be pleasantly remembered by the Los Angeles friends whom he met here during his recent stay before leaving for San Francisco. He will be promoted to the rank of colonel, formerly associate manager of the Grand Operahouse with Harry Wyatt, arrived in the city yesterday, and spent several hours shaking hands with old friends. "Doug" is advance agent of the Old Homeless Ad Co., and is one of the most popular young men in the business. It will take him several days to make the rounds in this vicinity.

TO BE CLOSED OUT.

Clothing, Hats and Men's Furnishing Goods at Half Price.

The Pitcher & Gray Co. Retiring from Business—Stock, Stand and Fixtures for Sale—A Chance for a Bargain.

This is no bait, but a genuine closing-out sale of a first-class, well-assorted stock.

The goods will actually be sold at about fifty cents on the dollar. Buyers are warned to come early and get their first choice. Store will be open evenings. PITCHER & GRAY CO., 128 to 134 South Spring street, second door north of Los Angeles Theater.

THE DRYEST CLIMATE IN THE WORLD.

It has been thoroughly established that Coronado possesses the finest marine climate in the world. It is perfectly dry, soft and mild, the atmosphere being like that of the tropics, and the cold ocean spray thrown on the northern part of this coast.

The temperature at Coronado is ten degrees warmer in winter and ten degrees cooler in summer than in San Diego. Coronado is the favorite seaside winter resort in America. Visitors and invalids can there be found at any other part of the world.

Hotels, with all its elegance and the excellence of its tables, selected from among the handsomest, and its rates are quite inexpensive.

For full particulars call at the agency, Santa Fe office, 128 North Spring street, Los Angeles.

MILLINERY BANKRUPTCY.

Stock going very fast. Bargains in ribbons, ostrich tips and fancy feathers.

Morris' No. 240 South Spring street.

RELIABLE LIFE INSURANCE.

At half the usual rates. Mutual Fund Life Association, New York, one of the most honest and most popular companies in the world. Investigate and be convinced.

F. C. Cressey, Manager, Room 6, 120 South Main street, Los Angeles.

BALDWIN'S HOTEL OAKWOOD AT ARCADIA.

Now open for the season. Only 45 minutes from Los Angeles by Santa Fe and Terminal Railroads. Twelve trains each way daily. First-class accommodations. Meals served to order at all hours.

M. Lawrence & Co., Lessees.

IT'S BEAUTIFUL TO BE THING.

There are hundreds of quack nostrums warranted to cure catarrh. They cost but little, and people buy and try them. And there are many simple nostrums like people who have used them and been temporarily relieved. Physicians will tell you, however, that bad cases of chronic catarrh are not easily cured. If this Mexican remedy that George Simpson is fathering in Los Angeles turns out to be the amazing success it claims to be, it will be the author of the age. Los Angeles physicians are watching it with great interest, and some of them are already recommending it in the most unreserved way. So far, there is no doubt in the world it has cured a number of very bad cases. Simpson's office is at 449½ South Spring street, room 15 and 16.

Grand Christmas dinner today at Solomon's Nadeau Hotel, from 12 to 8 p.m.—50 cents.

Eat your Christmas dinner today at Solomon's Nadeau Hotel, from 12 to 8 p.m.—50 cents.

Dr. J. Mills Boal has removed to once of Dr. Isaac Fellows, No. 108 North Spring street.

The "Honest John" truss is the latest and best. Dr. Munk, No. 124½ South Spring.

Buttons and bows made to order at Zimmerman's, No. 123 South Broadway.

Trees, prune and peach, California grown stock, 1000 feet, Natick House.

See my oil and gas heaters before buying.

C. T. Paul, No. 150 South Spring.

Christmas dinner today from 12 to 8 p.m. at Solomon's Nadeau Hotel; 50 cents.

Special sale, 33% per cent. discount on holiday goods at Kan-Koo. See ad.

Ladies, take your children to Mrs. F. E. Haviland, No. 8 Prospect Place, and get

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

LOS ANGELES TIMES: SUNDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1892.

THE COLUMBIAN NUMBER.

A Great Paper, Good All the Year Through.

The special illustrated COLUMBIAN NUMBER, Issued October 21st, consists of twenty-eight pages, including a four-page illustrated supplement, showing the California building, the other World's Fair buildings at Chicago, and Los Angeles local views. The number is rich in descriptive text; its especial value lies in its faithful, elaborate and graphic portrayal of the resources, advantages, attractions and marvelous growth of Los Angeles and the other southern counties of California. It is by far the best and most valuable issue ever sent out from this office. The contents of this issue have permanent value. It is not a paper of a day, but is timely and true throughout the year.

We offer it as covering the whole ground and all the features of the completest annual New Year's issue, the place of which it is designed to take.

PRICES OF THE PAPER.

1 copy (wrapped in mailing).....\$.10

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1065

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1585

20 1.00

25 1.25

30 1.50

40 2.00

50 2.50

100 6.00

Postage, 2 cents per copy when the papers are mailed by the purchasers themselves; but if mailed from this office at the prices quoted above, the postage will be paid by THE TIMES. Send in your orders, with the cash, and the plainly-written address of persons to whom you wish the COLUMBIAN NUMBER sent. The papers will be mailed by us, thus saving to you the trouble of coming to the office.

SPECIAL OFFER.—With every lot of 50 copies (without postage) and \$1.00 we will give one World's Fair Souvenir Coin (described in detail elsewhere), and with every lot of 100 copies (without postage) and \$6.00 (6 cents per copy) we will give one Souvenir Coin costing one dollar.

THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY.

Times Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

A PLEASANT SURPRISE.

Tax Collector Whitney Remembered by His Deputies.

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TWELFTH YEAR.

THE STAR OF STARS

The Story of the Star of Bethlehem.

Is It Identical With the Brilliant Star of Tycho?

How the Latter Was Discovered—Its Remarkable Changes.

Superstitions in Regard to It—The Facts Which Astronomers Have Ascertained—A Visit to Bethlehem and a View of the City.

Special Correspondence of The Times.

New York, Dec. 28.—One of the most interesting legends connected with the history of astronomy is that which seeks to identify the blazing star that appeared in the time of Tycho Brahe, the Danish astronomer, with the "Star in the East," that led the Magi to the cradle of Christ in Bethlehem.

In the circumstances of its appearance Tycho's star may be said to have made a truly dramatic entrance upon the scene. There is considerable uncertainty as to the precise date when it became visible, but Tycho himself saw it for the first time on the evening of the 11th of November, 1572. He was then about 26 years of age, and was experimenting in the chemistry of that day, which concerned itself chiefly with the discovery of some means of making gold. He was returning home from his chemical laboratory when he

to "an old manuscript," declared that similar stars had been seen in the same quarter of the heavens as that in which Tycho's appeared in the years 1260 and 948. Between 1260 and 1572 there was a lapse of 308 years, and between 948 and 1572 another lapse of 319 years. Notwithstanding the difference of eleven years between these periods it was concluded that the star fluctuated in a cycle somewhat exceeding 300 years, and that its fifth previous appearance had coincided with the birth of Christ. If its reappearance in 1572 denoted the approaching end of world, what messages had it brought to man at its former apparitions, or had it, on those occasions, proved itself a false prophet? Nobody seems to have troubled himself about these questions.

But one old manuscript, also, ascribed the star of the Magi in the second chapter of Matthew to see that it could only be identified with such a phenomenon as Tycho's star by a very liberal use of the Oriental imagination. Yet we know how capable that imagination is of making the phenomena of nature correspond with the fancies of the mind. According to the account, after the "wise men of the east" had had their interview with Herod, the star "went before them until in came and stood over where the young child was." That such a description could be applied to an unknown star, shining among the other stars and sharing only in silent motions, is possible but not probable.

However that may be, everybody knows that within recent years there has been a widespread expectation of the reappearance of Tycho's star, coupled with the notion that that phenomenon is the real star of Bethlehem. Indeed, some of the many pretenders to scientific knowledge, who have begun in their muddled brains the idea that they are savants and prophets of one kind or another, and whose

dust, for they have walked many miles. Russian peasant women, with big boots and long sticks, old gray-haired men, and others walked up from Nablus to the Jordan, and climbed the "mountains round about Jerusalem," are now on their way to the manger in the "City of David."

The distance from Jerusalem to Bethlehem is only six miles, and the traveler soon sees the white stone houses of the pretty town.

THE LITTLE CITY.

stands on an eminence 2527 feet above the level of the sea, and is built in the shape of a horseshoe. The buildings extend to the utmost part of the promontory. From either side of the horseshoe the traveler can look down upon the fields in which Ruth gleaned 1300 years before occurred the marvelous birth which the world celebrates today.

We stood by the well of David and looked down upon the plain, bathed in the silvery light of the full moon. It was upon this plain, tradition says,

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS

was sung by an angel chorus to a band of humble shepherds. The wise men had seen the star, but the shepherds saw both the star and the angels. The beatific view was in itself a promise that Christ's church was to achieve its grandest victories among the lowly.

From the Well of David (so called because it is believed that this well really existed in the days of Israel's great king, and that it is the very one to which he referred when he said, [II Sam., xxiii, 12-20], "Oh, that one who gave me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate!") It is not far to the

OLDEST CHRISTIAN CHURCH

in the world. This church contains the "Chapel of the Nativity." It is in reality a cavern, the floor and sides of which are lined with beautiful marble. The cave or crypt is nearly 40 feet long, 12 feet wide and 10 feet high. Thirty-two beautiful lamps dispel the darkness by night and by day. Under the high altar in this chapel is a silver star in the pavement, around which in Latin, is the inscription "Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary." It is said Hadrian caused an altar dedicated to Venus to be erected here. When Constantine became Emperor of Rome and converted to Christianity this altar was taken down and under the auspices of his wife Helena, the church, the greater part of which remains to this day, was erected. The building has a nave and double aisles which are separated by double rows of monolithic columns. These columns are painted with figures of saints, but the paint has lost its luster, and the hands that wielded the brush have mingled with the dust centuries ago.

Bethlehem is still the garden spot for many miles around Jerusalem. The hills are terraced, and the limestone rocks with which they are studded are covered with olive orchards, choice vineyards, clustering fig trees, people are the handsomest, the tallest and most intelligent to be met in all this wonderful land. They manufacture the finest articles out of mother of pearl made anywhere. These articles are purchased by tourists at very low rates, and are perfect gems of art. The reason assigned for the superiority of the people of Bethlehem over their neighbors is that there are but few Mohammedans among them. The picture of green hills, crowded with their rock-built houses, the olive orchards and flocks on the hillsides, and the plains beautifully green, will never be effaced from the memory. It comes before us at each recurring Christmas. M. H. STINE.

A SNOWBALL BATTLE

By Capt. Charles King, U.S.A.

Contributed to The Times.
In only three days the Christmas holidays were to begin. For weeks "the pets, the vets," as they called themselves—the cadet officers and members of Co. A—had been boiling over to "get even" with their friends and tormentors, the men of Co. D. Co. A and Co. D were rivals in marching, in drill, in company command, and in feeling, in the care and keep of their quarters, and from this it had bubbled over into a rivalry on pretty much every other point. It was gall and wormwood to the A "pets and vets" to have the regular army officers declare the left flank company the best-drilled in the battalion. It was "tough" that D would always remain the best in the military profession. But still, boylike, they only, and all rejoiced in playing pranks at the expense of the new men. So long as those pranks took the form of practical jokes, that involved no hazard to health or danger to life or limb, no great harm was done; but, unluckily, there are too many boys whose coarse and cruel nature it is to delight in the misery of others, who are powerless to resent or retaliate, and of this type was the new Lieut. Leach. He instilled into the minds of the newcomers that crowning principle of cadet ethics, "Never tell on a brother cadet," and then was himself the ring-leader in every scheme for the misbehavior of the new men. So long as those pranks took the form of practical jokes, that involved no hazard to health or danger to life or limb, no great harm was done; but, unluckily, there are too many boys whose coarse and cruel nature it is to delight in the misery of others, who are powerless to resent or retaliate, and of this type was the new Lieut. Leach.

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If there is one thing a boy hates more than another it is tumbling out of bed on a cold winter morning, and so, no matter how loud the reveille gun or how shrill the bugle on the ground floor of the barracks, it was the almost universal practice of the whole corps to huddle under their warm blankets up to the last minute, and then leap into shoes, trousers, overcoat and forage cap, and down the resounding stairways, "six at a clip," at the last strains of the reveille and the stern "fall in" of the first sergeants. To the observer standing morning after morning under the tall white flagstaff in the center of the big quadrangle it looked as though at reveille some unseen force had exploded and blown the area of barracks full of cadets all in one instant.

One brisk morning, however, the Sixth division, Co. D, didn't blow worth a cent. The other five exploded simultaneously, the roll-call was rattled through in jiffy, and the whole battalions were capering away over the barrack square when it was discovered that the swinging door of the Sixth division had been securely and heavily barred without, and that D was vainly attempting to break it in.

That night Capt. Winston went over to little Burton. Burton commanded right-center Co. B. Winston proposed an alliance, offensive and defensive, against D, and this was the outcome of that piece of diplomacy.

School was to break up Friday evening, and all the boys a few of the boys would go home for Christmas. Tuesday night and come and go, and you'd think a Company squared with D.

There was trouble brewing, however, for Leach came in breathless to say that a lot of plebes—he couldn't say just who—had pelted him with snow-balls down by the shore. It was too dark to "spot" them, but he meant to have satisfaction if he had to duck every plebe in the barracks for the rest of the night.

When A Company came squeezing and rushing to spring to rolls for roll-call in the dim wintry morning, boy after boy fetched up on the flat of his back, caps and cadets were whizzing in every direction.

A squad of D scamps had stolen out about 8 o'clock and softly emptied a dozen buckets of water over the smooth asphalt pavement, where A always formed for roll-call.

"Fall in!" shouted Jim Birnie. A big

"Only," said Capt. Lacy of Co. D.

First Sergeant, as, buttoning his overcoat on the jump, he sprang from the doorway to have his heels shoot from under him, and his head come down with a resounding whack, and with half of A Company slipping, sliding and floundering over and after him. Mr. Birnie whizzed out across the company ground "his beam ends."

A Company felt might sore over that pell-mell for days thereafter. It is bad enough to be hurt, but is worse to be laughed at, and boys, the world round, are just full of frolic and "cussedness" that they simply cannot help laughing at one another's mishaps. Even steaming coffee and buckwheat cakes brought no comfort to the rueful. The great mess hall had echoed again and again with glee-clap at meals, and C Company had roared rabid over the matter when Winston, the tall "First Captain," called a halt.

"I'd give my chevrons," said he that evening to his chums—Briggs, the cadet Adjutant, and Foster, his First Lieutenant—"to give those fellows a taking down."

The three senior officers of the battalion were strolling along the shore of the lake, lying there sparkling under the stars of the frosty sky. From the barracks came the tinkle of banjo and mandolin, the sound of voices and laughter.

"If it wasn't for rules and regulations, confound them," said Foster. The company would be easy enough. The company would be easy enough, trying to find out who barred that door in the Sixth division, just because some academic property was damaged by half a dozen nail holes, any clump could stuff with putty. They might break half the heads of A Company, provided no window was smashed, "wouldn't make any difference."

"Fours right, march! Company disperse!" and then with a roar of wrath turned on its pursuers.

"No monkeying with my men in barracks at night."

Thursday the weather settled off. That day the snow storm tapered off into a fine drizzle. The deep white carpet "packed" like so much dough. Winston suddenly caught an idea. He saw a lot of D Company plebes, rolling some huge snowballs down the slope, and quickly he passed the word among his own men, "Make all the snow-balls you can right after 4 o'clock. Fill your buckets with them, and be ready when we come from drill."

Instead of outdoor drill, all four companies were assembled in the gymnasium that afternoon for half an hour's practice in the manual of arms. The instant time was up, Capt. Winston had men on the double, and had closed the big doorway, faced his company to the right, marched quietly and quickly out, while the other captains were still pounding away at some point in the drill, and in less than no time A Company had skipped into barracks, laid aside arms and accoutrements, and were tumbling out again laden with snow-balls just as D came trotting up the asphalt in column of fours, utterly unsuspicious.

In an instant, from every side, the white missile came whistling about the D men's ears. Capt. Lacy's cap was knocked over his eyes. Craig, the leading guide, was whacked on side of the head and knocked out of the roll-call. D Company neither broke ranks nor quickened the pace. Ducking their heads, they simply dodged as best they could until opposite their quarters, and here their Captain's voice rang above the yell of the assailants and the storm of missiles:

"Four right, march! Company disperse!" and then with a roar of wrath turned on its pursuers.

AWAY DOWN SOUTH.

CHRISTMAS ON A RED RIVER PLANTATION.

Contributed to The Times.

The first indication of the annual return of this season of hilarity is hog-killing time. This comes early or late, according to frost, and from that time on—it be late or early—there is no more work in the darkies, no more picking up chips and minding the babies in picnics. They have "Christmas in da bones!"

The darkies begin to save up eggs and nuts, to make persimmon beer, and to watch for the fattest possum haunts in the bottom; while the children, black and white, begin to save up hog-bladders, inflated and dried for a cannoneade before the big-house door, at daybreak Christmas morning.

The cotton is nearly all picked, only scrappy remnants of it whitens here and there over the brown fields of stalks. Great stacks of it are heaped about the barn doors, and the old gin since at granas, and creas and fuses, from sunrise to sunset, like some huge green monster trying to eat up a year's growths in a day.

The negroes sing, too, and laugh and joke and play hooky. When Jo should be killing potatoes he is cleaning on his hoe making bets with his neighbor as to who will catch the other's "Christmas gift," and when Ben is presumably hunting the cows, he is loading up the big bare oaks in the bottom, singing:

"Chris'mus comes but once a year,
Oh ho, my honey!
Every nigger wants his shear (share)
Oh, ho, my honey!"

An old apple-house on the side of the hill is full of winter apples, and the cider press is scarcely dry from the last grinding. Bees and wasps hum around the door, and pigs root in the sticky mass of crushed apples by the Press.

The fattened hog is seized by the leg by a stalwart negro, stabbed in the neck, mauled in the head and left kicking its last protest against extinction, while the big iron pot of water comes to the scalding point and the scrapers are given an extra edge for its tough hide.

The children stand by awed but fascinated, knowing the poor dying, protesting creature to be only impotent work, and that they will get his meat to broil on the coals and his bladder to blow up for Christmas.

Pompous, red-combed turkeys strut and gobble in wasteful plenteousness, not knowing that plenteousness means death. Pumpkins and kershaws melon and sweet potato grow sugar in the hills. The leaves turn from red to russet; the wind blows a keenish edge and high-pitched wail; the sun sets each evening more slanting to the southward, and the sky takes on that sheet-rock look which means a last good-bye to summer. Red birds dare dashes of flame where a half-month ago the mocking birds sang to the new moon. Snow birds swirl in cataracts of snow over the barren fields, silencing the dried fiddlers with the tempest of their wings, and occasional flocks of wild geese paint zigzag patterns of black upon a lead-gray sky.

"Who are we? Who are we? We're the marsh folk! C. And now Lacy, pushing forward along his entire front, shouting the dried fiddlers with the wind against the banks. Silent and fallow are the wide, fertile fields where the sandy loam of the uplands blends with the red banks of the old Red River, as it sinuously roars along to the Mississippi, treacherous with snags and quickands, fringed with green willows and silver cottonwoods, capped on the Indian Territory side with framing of boulders and dark green bushes. In comes Col. Cobert, fiery-boar plows and grunts over in a sea of blood, and the ends skin of an Indian hunter, skulls near the banks where the deer come to drink.

Indoors, the picnics roast taters and play hull-gull, squatting in the embers by the yawning chimney corners; their mothers sew quilt rags and sing camp-meeting songs, while up at the big house ole Miss puts down on a slate, as they occur to her, items to get when she goes to town for Christmas trading.

Over forgotten books nestle black, brown, black and gold heads, whispering about Christmas, and letters to Santa Claus are confidently committed to the smoke and sparks of the tall brick chimneys.

Indoor Christmas approaches.

At last comes the climax of joyful anticipation.

Ole Mass goes to town. Ole Mass orders the carriage, and storms and swears about the neglected harness, missing cushions, unmatched bridles, pulling on his big buckskin gloves and superintending Aunt Millie while she covers the floor of the carriage with hot rocks and tucks the buffalo robe over them.

What does not that trip to town signify?

Citron, raisins, currants, fruit and nuts, pulverized sugar and assorted candies, wine for jellies, brandy for eggnog and rum for the plugh and paddings, boxes of all sorts, most tantalizing, those mysterious packages great and small, to be put away unopened and unexplained till Christmas day.

Away goes the old coach, blanketed by a mottled escort of children, and dogs, and followed by the sound of God-speeding voices as far as the pasture gate. Then, on alone, over the marshy prairies and wind-swept winding road to town.

Now comes an interregnum on the plantation. Servants and children hold high carnival. Work drags; mid-day dinner is late; allotted tasks are forgotten. The children race through the house, leaving doors open and banging on the old square piano in the darkened parlor; Aunt Millie sings louder than ever as she passes from the outdoor kitchen to the dining-room, and Harriet, the house-maid, scolds and threatens in vain.

Christmas comes but once a year, Oh ho, my honey!

Every nigger wants his shear,

Oh, ho, my honey!

And so the day wears on.

The shadows lengthen eastward. Ben comes home with the cows. The fat old turkeys turn round and round on their roosts, and the wood-chopper's chorus rings from the cabin yards.

It is time ole Miss and old Mass were back.

Aunt Millie strains her eyes from the kitchen door, coffee pot in hand, as she adds an extra handful of berries to the grinding and sing.

King Jesus rides a milk-white horse, Se de bleedin' lamb!

He rides him up an' down de cross,

Se de bleedin' lamb!

Oh, pore Danyul, who's on de Lord's side?

Coney heaps armorful af armful of firewood on the back porch, and Harriet makes way for a huge back-log which he heaves behind the andirons, piling



THE FIGHT.

a snarl with the faculty. Ain't that so, Briggs?"

But the Adjutant didn't care to comment himself. This was purely a company row. All the theame, he had a little bitter medicine to administer.

"First thing you A. fellows have to do—and I've said it all along—to get all your men with you. There's the difference between you and D. Every man from captain down to

in front of them green logs and light wood till the room is a blaze of warmth and glory—for ole Miss will be cold when she gets home. At last it comes—the familiar old carriage, creeping like a beetle over the brow of the big hill. A way flies the escort of children and dogs, screaming and running over the rutted road, across the pasture.

Harriet stands, broom in hand, calling to them from the porch, her voice lost in the wind, and the trees dancing back of the house through the open door.

Aunt Mill sits on, putting the biscuits to bake, and giving the coffee a final turn through the dripper.

Creak! goes the heavy pasture gate, pushed, scraping the ground, by slim brown arms and sturdy yellow legs. In comes the carriage and stops. Then, such a clambering over wheels; such a juddling on seats; three and four deep—the "babies" in mother's lap and the picnickers on the floor under the buffalo robe, and hanging behind. Then on they come, the tires rattling, the horses smoking, the curtains flapping, the children laughing, the dogs barking and ole Miss and ole Massa smiling.

Home, sweet home!

The candles are lit, the bread baked. Aunt Mill cuts the groceries with as much personal pride as a king would claim his tarts. Harriet takes charge of the mysterious packages, and the children are diverted with a bag of nuts and candy.

Then comes supper—great thin slices of pink fried ham, with its red gravy heaped on cones of white boiled rice, waffles and butter; and coffee—"as is coffee."

Then comes sleep.

She lays her warm, white finger-tips on earth and sky; on human eyes and human hearts; on human cares and human joys; she breathes on the face of master and slave, negro and white child and mother; and all the rest. The moon comes up in the mystery mistiness and casts and keeps watch over the sleepers, the houses, the barns and pens, the ponds and jungles, and the silent fallow fields.

All is rest.

Only the river still runs on, roaring and complaining over its snags and quicksands. It is bloody and treacherous looking, but they know it and love it—and God keeps them all.

Now, hurray for Christmas!

The cakes are baked, rows upon rows, iced and candy-decked, they set upon the pantry shelves. The pudding is made, and mince pies, by the dozens, Turkeys are roasted, stuffed with bread crumbs, sage and onions, spiced and shortcakes brown, crisp, and whole, with a seductive mouth; and possum and taters simmer in oily deliciousness.

Company is coming from town, and the darkies are going to have a dance in the barn after the children have had their Christmas tree.

Miss Mattice has been at work all day with her girl friends who are visiting her, and young Mars Willie has climbed to the top of the barn, getting his good clothes dusty and his black clubs full of cobwebs, fixing the tree and hanging the presents for the "little niggers."

The candles on the brackets around the wall are lighted, and an old, three-legged, sheet-iron stove in a corner gets red-hot and tries to go up its own flames warming the room.

Still the doors must be guarded to keep the intruders anticipative eyes. The carriages and buggies have come from town, emptying their loads of merry-makers on the hospitable porches. The girls are dressing and chattering upstairs; the young men drinking toddy in Mars Willie's room; and the city horses munching sweet hay and good Red River corn in the stables. Some boys and girls have come over from the neighboring plantations on horseback, and the dogs are barking at the unusual stir and excitement. Now the barn doors are thrown open.

In rush the children and their scarcely less eager mothers. Old Santa is there, obsequious and free-handed, familiar with each name and its corresponding face. Mars Willie is missing, out who notices that? is not Ole Santa—everybody?

All are remembered, from Granny Liza, who is 101, to the littlest nameless pickaninnies on the plantation. Black eyes dance! white teeth grin. Old Santa dances, too, highly pleased with himself and his subjects.

Now, the children are sent to bed. The grown darkies line themselves about the walls; Uncle Ebenezer with his fiddle and Jim with his banjo take their places and tune up. Matt Bean must open the dance with a break-down. The music strikes up "Chicken in the Bread-tray," and Matt shakes one foot and then the other, apparently to see that the hinges are in good order. Now he is off.

"Back-step an' double-shuffle! Cut de pigeon wing! Rock de cradle an' tip-toe! 'Umph, chilum, gim me room!'"

The white folks clap their hands, sitting in chairs around the store. The darkies pat time, slapping their knees and rolling their eyes up to the rafters. The music grows faster and wilder; Matt reels and rocks and keeps up a chanting undertone of words to the tune.

Olders Willie comes in sleek and smiling, with flakes of lint in his back hair and on his clothes.

No one notices him.

Matt carries the day.

The sweat rolls off his eben face, and the chant comes only in broken pants.

"Time's up," cries some one, and the music stops.

Then jumps ole Massa.

"Give us Dixie, 'Ne'er'" he cries, "and all clear the floor!"

He seizes ole Miss around the waist, and commands the boys to choose their partners. Ole Miss resists with all the laughing might of her 185 pounds, but to no purpose. She isugged to her place and the young couples fill up the cotillion.

"State yo' partners, an' balance all!" cries ole Massa; they have had an egg-nog and a cherry bounce since the boys came from town that afternoon, snapping his coat tails early over his shoulders and singing with the fiddle.) Oh, away down yander in de land of cotton, Cinnamon seed an' sandy bottom. Look away, away in Dixie!

"Fus' four farard an' back-sing!" he goes on, never letting loose old Miss's hand, for if he should she would make a break for the wall.

On de hawk-wake cakes an' de good ole butter.

Make my mouf go fitter, Sister. Utter—Look away, away, away in Dixie!

The darkies sing, too, patting their knees and saying:

"Yaw, yaw! you' old Massa! You'm ole Miss is younger en em all!"

But alas! ole Miss refuses to sustain her record. She breaks clean down, declines to budge, and Will and the girls interfere in her behalf. Off they scurry to the head. Will nearly carries his mother, and the darkies have the floor.

Up comes the man again, but her white fingers carry no stick on their tips this time. On goes the dance till the candles are exhausted and the roosters are crowing on Christmas morning.

Meanwhile in the cabins, old mothers and grannies creep over the sleeping children to the little yarn stocking dangling from the smoked jams and

the flickering fire-light plays on wooden dolls, tin horses and oranges in their hands.

Up in the big house, glad feet that never tire, patter up and down the stairs. Slam! go the doors, with a flash of light on the cold white floor of the halls. It is late, but the boys must have eaten eggs and ole Massa his apple today. Ole Miss directs Mattie in the brewing, sitting by the fire, too done up for active service.

The younger children turn over and mumble in their sleep, disturbed by the unvoiced noise and lamp-light. But after awhile, silence and darkness come. The children sleep; the girls and boys dream of parties and each other; old Massa snores; ole Miss thinks of the first daughter, who died the first Christmas they moved in the new house—and the moon goes down, the stars fade away and a new day creeps over the red bluffs of the territory, and stands tip-toe on the brink of its eternity.

Boom! goes the first bladder-gum. "Chris'mus gif, ole Miss!" "Chris'mus gif, ole Massa!"

It is Christmas morning on the plantation.

BELLE HUNT.

From the Unpublished Manuscript of Dr. Parsonson; contributed to The Times.

CHRISTMAS AT MT. VERNON.

On December 25, 1840, Christmas day, I crossed the Long Bridge and walked to Mt. Vernon.

The last four miles of the road there was not a solitary dwelling or a divergent way. On a sudden, in the woods, I came to a carriage-way at right angles to the road, with a gate, and each side of a porter's lodge covered with gravel cement. Through the opening in the trees, on a swell of the ground, what I rightly took to be a "whole lady." While he was giving me some consolation against losing my way in the dark, for it was about sundown, young Herbert came running, with hat in hand, and called out:

"Here! Mrs. Washington says you must not go tonight—it is too late."

Upon my representing that I could easily walk to Alexandria in a couple of hours, he insisted upon my returning to the mansion to settle the matter with

the solemn silence which reigned on all



THE DINNER.

sides. He was a pattern of courtesy and dignity. He soon turned the tide of questioning which I prompted, starting by asking how far I had traveled. Upon being informed he seemed greatly astonished, and urged me to "walk into my house and sit down and rest, for you must be very weary."

His "house" was a curious specimen of primitive simplicity; unless memory deceives me there was but one room.

The fireplaced extended the whole length of one end, so that wood sledging could be used. Overhead there were sleepers, but no floor—only the roof. In place of nails or pins, on which to hang things sprang deer horns everywhere abounding. Upon them were hung ground-shells, herbs and other curiosities.

The occupant called his name Tillsmith, said he was born on the plantation belonging to Mrs. Gen. Washington, and among other things gave quite a circumstantial and graphic account of the visit of Lafayette to the tomb in 1825. He told me that I had full liberty to visit the tomb (and offered to send a "boy," but I preferred to go alone), the garden, and to go where I pleased, except into the mansion, and would be admitted to that readily if I only had some word of introduction to Mrs. Washington. I recorded at the time the following description:

"The hearth is white marble. On each side there is a pillar of spotted marble, the groundwork being of a yellowish brown color. The mantelpiece is of the purest white marble, inclosing a sculptured beautiful rustic scene. There are two doors divided by a horse-harnessed to a plow; another standing near; a dog; a woman leading a little boy, and various farming implements lying near. In the center are cattle, sheep and lambs, the herdsmen with his dog jumping up beside him, and another woman carrying a bag of meal on her head; also, in the distance, a sheep fold filled with sheep."

On the left is domestic scenery, among which I recollect a woman pouring water or milk from a pail into a tub. These are sculptured not merely in outline, but in full form of body and limb, insomuch that, as Herbert told me, that is jumping up before the sheepfold. I can't blabber on, but the note of the room is that it is a fine delineation of the surerrier of Cornwallis. In the third, at the end of the war, Washington resigns his commission in the midst of illustrious patriots, who are grouped about the chair in which he has risen.

The last of the series shows the

inauguration of Washington at the

moment when the oath of office is being administered by Chancellor Livingston.

In these bas-reliefs there is a centralization of Mr. Mead's greater powers; a rare combination of strength and delicacy; a poetic yet truthful representation of the greatest epoch in our history.

Mr. Mead's nature is so sym-

metric, that he enters completely into whatever spirit his work may demand; much of his native buoyancy and wit are shown in the charming group he has called "Young America"; a sturdy boy, absolutely bubbling over with vivacity, in true boyish interpretation of the "Glorious Fourth," holds a trumpet to his mouth with one hand, which is sounding with all the vigor of his fresh young lungs, while with the other hand he applies the slow match to a small cannon. Beside him stands his pretty little sister, "the very loveliest child figure I have ever seen," has said Oliver Wendell Holmes. She is as eager and intent as the boy, but she holds her hands close clasped to her ears, while she balanced herself forwardly, expecting, for though it is by no means a coward, she is "just a little bit afraid."

This is one of the loveliest of all his works.

These words were scarcely uttered when Davis, the village barber, appeared, followed by a handsome mulatto boy. He breathlessly explained that this was "a fugitive." "Our underground people have put him across Kentucky and Ohio; he's just in; the constables are on his track; his master's on the next train. I can't do no mo', sah," continued Davis, lapping into his vernacular. "I'se bring him to you! You'se magistrate?"

"Help me to freedom, massa," cried the boy himself, scanning my father's pained face. "Canada's so near—just cross de lake." Only help me to get there."

The scene is stamped on my mind.

The kneeling figure, the clasped hands,

the trembling mouth, the spread

eyes of the negro pleading for freedom.

"Home, Davis," said my mother.

"We will take care of the boy."

Then followed a rapid consultation between my parents and cousin Henry Tucker, scarcely more than a boy himself.

"You're sure your master's on the 3 o'clock train?" they asked the young negro.

Well, part's over much mistaken

in the foregoon's calculation:

Ye'r right, of course, about the snow,

Thank my lucky stars 'at it's so!

But I remember mud an' sleet

In yer Christmas East, an' frosty feet,

Cold, wet, 'n' sleet, 'n' sleet, 'n' sleet,

Ter cut the crooked figure eight on!

No crisp 'er glint, 'er shine or glister,

O'er hills and valleys white with winter,

No maple sugar 'cu' wheatcake bakes,

An' if ye have, they're only fake;

No good old-fashioned Christmas cheer,

In a land where summer's all the year!

gantic craw-fish; in his right hand he carries a huge sheaf of corn and grain, his snowy beard sweeps low over his bosom; his whole attitude is one suggesting the meditative repose of power.

For the pediment of the fasade of the Columbian Exposition's Agricultural building, a beautiful alto relivo, that tells the story of Ceres, the earth goddess, and her attendant deities—he recently left Mr. Mead's studio; it is sure to win unstinted admiration.

What of the "other children," who once gathered about the fireside of that busy, peaceful, modest home, far up among the green hills? I have already told you that one became Mrs. Howells, another is a famous architect; another is the wife of one of our Empire city's merchant princes and true, public-spirited men; and all of the others who remain are centers of love and trust and kindness wherever they may be.

MARTHA TRACY OWLER.

A RIDE FOR LIBERTY.

CHRISTMATS STORY OF THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.

By Olive Risley Seward.

Out of the mass of childhood's memories, the events of one Christmas night stand fixed and clear, intensifying by contrast my recollections of the day's mirth, and the sweetness and security of our home. This home was cosily tucked away in a harbor-locked hamlet on the southern shore of Lake Erie.

Our Christmas festival invariably began at church, and with singing "Hark, the Herald Angels!" Then filing into sleighs we trooped homeward to greetings, romps and games, only interrupted by the announcement of dinner, when the whole family gathered round the holly-decked board.

Dinner done, it was dark enough in our northern latitude for the Christmas

"All right, there's a big empty bag!" A few noiseless seconds in the snow and Brigham's bells again jingled down the road. The others, cutting cross-roads, arrived simultaneously at the station. Brigham began loading his bags on the train just in. How natural that Henry Tucker should lend helping hand, and no observer could have detected surprise in the mail agent's face when Brigham muttered "underground."

Meanwhile, my father strolled forward to "look for a man expected from the West," he explained to the constable patrolling the platform.

A tall, dashing man stepped off, peer about. The constable saluted Col. Goff, who displayed two revolvers, saying, "I'd have saved you an arrest had the boy been here! But I'll catch him yet! You're sure no passenger ferried across the Niagara tonight?"

The whistler called the sporting gentleman to his train. My father joined the constable and listened to the tale of his fruitless pursuit of the fugitive.

Henry Tucker had suddenly determined to go to Buffalo, and in the smoking car found Col. Goff, and so volubly inclined that the secret of Sandro's return was no longer a secret.

Arrived in Buffalo, Henry politely directed the stranger to the upper exit, and then hurried to the lower one, where a pile of mail-bags "for Canada" was being hustled into a sleigh. One queer-shaped bag was lifted on last by Henry and the driver, and after throwing a buffalo robe over the load, both jumped on the box and the sleigh glided swiftly away. Up Exchange, up Main, the Government horses flew with the United States mail across Buffalo to Black Rock ferry. It was now the twilight of a new day, and the sun, nearing the horizon, gilded the fast-flowing ripples of Niagara River.

Drowsy toll-keepers and custom-house officers passed the government mail unanswered. Before many minutes it was laid ashore on the opposite shore.

Henry shook the topmost mail-bag.

"Sandro!" he shouted. No answer.

THE ANCHOR.

The Wrecking of Columbus in Hayti.

Fred A. Ober Looks Up the Scene of the Wreck.

How the World's Fair Commission to the West Indies

Secured the Anchor of the Caravel Santa Maria for the Chicago Exposition—A Narrative of Thrilling Interest.

Contributed to The Times.

In our Columbus anniversaries we ought to celebrate the first American Christmas—the historians seem to have overlooked it.

It was in December, 1492, in the middle of October Columbus had sighted his first land in the Bahamas. Sailing on he had brought to view other islands of the chain, and reached Cuba the last of October. Sailing away from Cuba and still sailing easterly, sometime early in December he saw before him the towering mountains of a magnificent island, different in its vegetation and the contours of its coasts from all the new world land he had yet seen.

The fleet—the Nina, the Pinta and the Santa Maria—had held together across the ocean, but on the coast of Cuba Capt. Pinzon and the Pinta had sailed off on their own account. So only the Nina and the Santa Maria, with less than a hundred men, stopped at this unknown island.

The native Indians themselves called the island Hayti—"Ah!" high, "Ah!" land—the island of mountains. The eastern half the aborigines termed Quisquea, or "Mother of the earth;" now called Santo Domingo. Columbus named the port he entered San Nicolas, in honor of the saint's day on which he discovered it; and it is the same Molle San Nicolas over which the governments of the United States and Hayti had a quarrel a year or two ago.

The little Nina went ahead, sounding, and the Admiral followed in the Santa Maria and dropped anchor in the spacious harbor. They did not tarry long, but sailed on again just ahead of a big storm. They took refuge under the lee of Tortuga, the island since made famous by the dreaded buccaneers. Now and might sail on, visiting along the beautiful harbors and villages until they came to the splendid bay of Acu. There they first heard of the Indian King Guacanagari, and also of the heart of a great gold country, the Cibao. You know that Columbus on this voyage was all the time expecting to arrive at the regions of the Grand Khan, and he felt sure that this Cibao must mean the Cipango described by Marco Polo in his wonderful book.

Cacique Guacanagari sent Columbus an invitation to visit him, also a rich present—a cotton girdle, attached to which was a mask with ears, tongue and nose, all of beaten gold. Columbus was sure now he was near Polo's Cipango. At the next port day spread their sails for the visit. That was the day before Christmas, bright and beautiful. There was a light breeze, and the sea was as smooth as glass.

All the sailors breathed easy for almost the first time. For three months past they had been on the lookout for calamity; they had feared the trade-wind would always blow from the east so that they could never return to Spain; that if they sailed so far down, down the watery hill they could never make the return voyage up; they feared the serpents and the mermaids, the subterranean monsters and the terrene tides; but today they had no fears, indeed even then the vessel was hurrying to destruction!

About midnight the Admiral went to his cabin to sleep. Following his example, although he had cautioned them to maintain a careful watch, the seamen then on deck seized the occasion to sleep, leaving the helm in the care of a boy!

THE WRECK OF THE SANTA MARIA.

I have always felt pity for that boy; the only mention of him at all is the brief statement that the helm was left in his charge. But I'm sure he got kicked and cuffed by the sailors for their own negligence. Poor little chap! I can imagine his terror when the accident happened. I'm sure he was a mere snipe of a boy, and only about 15 or 16 years old. Well, he would be some 416 years of age by this time, and one's sympathy would be wasted on a boy of that age!

The winds were light, the sea calm; but there was an unseen force tugging at the vessel's keel; a strong, treacherous current that forced the Santa Maria upon a sand bank. The first intimation of the boy at the helm had of anything amiss was through the beating of the waves upon against the side of the ship. The rudder became immovable. The young sailor cried out to the men, the Admiral rushed on deck. They lightened the vessel, cut away the masts and carried an anchor out to windward, but nothing availed. The ship was firmly fixed in the sand.

She was a total wreck. The crew were transferred to the Nina, which came as near to the reefs as she could and lay by till morning. They were only four or five miles away when the vessel struck the reef from the Indian village Guarico. Columbus sent the news to the cacique Guacanagari and the Cacique hurried a fleet of canoes to the rescue, in which time the wreckage was taken to the shore and stored in huts assigned by Guacanagari for that purpose near his own residence.

This was Monday, the 24th of December, on the evening of our Lord's nativity, about midnight.

Until dawn Christmas day they worked loading and unloading the wreckage. At daylight this had been accomplished. By daylight the shipwrecked mariners were sharing the hospitality of the noble Guacanagari. Not a man was injured, not an ounce of provisions lost, not a spar nor a nail detachable that was not safely landed with them, yet, in the words of Robinson Crusoe, "what an awful deliverance" was theirs.

It was a glorious Christmas morning for these hundred men, 2000' miles from home with but one frail caravel to take them back.

So honest were the Indians that no guard was necessary around their effects, even though such trifles as pins and hawkshells were worth more than their weight in gold! The Admiral was greatly pleased with them, and paints a vivid picture in his letters to Isabella and Ferdinand.

Their shapes are fine, of both men and women, and their color not black, though they paint themselves, most of them red. They all, both men and women, go about totally naked, but your highnesses may be assured they possess many commendable customs. The houses and towns are very handsome, and the inhabitants live in settlements, each under a sovereign or judge,

to whom they pay implicit obedience. Their king is served with great reverence, and everything is practiced with such decency that it is highly pleasing to witness it. They have great memory and curiosity, and are very eager in their inquiries as to the use and nature of all things they see. Thus was the Admiral impressed by these innocent people and their paradisaical mode of existence."

GOLD FROM THE HEART OF CIBAO.

At sunrise the day after Christmas, the cacique paid a visit of state to the Admiral on board the Nina. His Indian subjects swarmed in canoes around the caravan, holding out pieces of gold and crying out "Chug, chug," intimating that they wished to barter the nuggets for hawkshells, over which they went wild with joy. Seeing that such trifles brought in exchange great pieces of gold, Columbus was delighted, and Guacanagari, quick to note the change, assured him that if gold was any object to him he would direct him to a nation where the very stones were golden. This he had called Chaco, and Columbus found it later, on his second voyage, and thence drew millions of treasure.

After breakfast the cacique took the Admiral ashore and spread a banquet, at which several sub-chiefs were present, probably coming from the interior, each one wearing a coronet of gold. Two of them presented theirs to Columbus, and confirmed the story of the abundance of the precious metal in the mountains of the Chaco. Guacanagari also wore a golden crown, and nothing else—save a shirt and a pair of gloves given him by Columbus, of which he seemed much prouder than of his coronet. More than one thousand Indians are said to have been present.

THE FIRST FORT BUILT IN THE NEW WORLD.

From the wreckage of the Santa Maria, from its strong timbers and planks, a fort was constructed near the village of Guarico, and in it a garrison was left; the Nina was not large enough to carry them all, and many of them desired to stay. The fort was built within 10 days; it was a tower, protected on every side by a broad and deep ditch. There was founded Fortress of Navidad, the first structure raised by Europeans in America.

Small cannon, called lombards, were mounted on its walls, the garrison of forty men were supplied with biscuit for a year, as well as wine, besides all the merchandise that remained, that they might exchange it for gold. And Columbus wrote to Isabella that he trusted in Providence that he should return here from Castile and find at least a ton of gold collected, as well as spices in great quantity.

Then he sailed away, leaving here this handful of men in a land of savages, not one of whom would be ever again behold alive.

Where did Columbus's flagship stop, and where was the first fort built? have been asked questions by historians ever since Columbus made an interesting subject of study, and it was to attempt to unravel the mystery surrounding those important events that I was despatched to Hayti last year. It was my good fortune to unearth a chain of evidence that brought to light many important facts and placed in the possession of our Columbian Exposition an invaluable relic of the Santa Maria, a piece of the Christmas anchor.

Any way, there the anchor was before me at last, and I lost no time in negotiating for the precious relic, with the result that next day it was on board the China steamer Ozama, and on its way to Chicago via New York and Washington—the only existing relic that Christmas disaster of Christopher Columbus.

And when the caravels arrive next spring in the harbor of our greatest city—those copies of the original caravels, now building in Spain—the interest in them cannot but be enhanced by the information I have given you regarding an anchor you will see in one of them—this veritable anchor of Columbus—and when, and where, and how I obtained it.

FREDERICK A. OBER.

CHRISTMAS WEDDINGS.

Fourteen Licenses Issued by the County Clerk Yesterday.

Marriage licenses were issued at the County Clerk's office yesterday to the following persons:

W. H. Martin, a native of Canada, 28 years of age, to Nora Kincaid, a native of California, 20 years of age, both residents of Long Beach.

James A. Bryan, a native of Illinois, 30 years of age, to Mrs. Margaret Read, a native of Ohio, 27 years of age, both residents of this city.

Frank Valenzuela, a native of California, 23 years of age, to R. F. Coronel, also a native of California, 25 years of age, both residents of Santa Monica.

H. J. Wilson, a native of Tennessee, 25 years of age, of Redlands, to Emma Stubblefield, also a native of Tennessee, 25 years of age, of this city.

Joseph A. Emery, a native of Illinois, 28 years of age, to Clara J. Jaques, a native of Indiana, 18 years of age, both residents of Pasadena.

George Dornberger, a native of California, 23 years of age, of San Bernardino, to Dolie Maude Moultrie, also a native of California, 20 years of age, of Los Gatos.

Charles T. Howland, a native of California, 25 years of age, to Nettie L. Wacoat, a native of Utah, 20 years of age, a widow.

J. L. Hathaway, a native of Iowa, 25 years of age, to Stella Stott, a native of New Jersey, 20 years of age; both residents of this city.

Jacob Lau, a native of Pennsylvania, 33 years of age, to Annie Lynn, a native of Missouri, 22 years of age; both residents of this city.

George Sibley, a native of Vermont, 23 years of age, to Louelle T. Taft, a native of Ohio, 30 years of age; both residents of this city.

Patrick Francis McKeon, a native of New Jersey, 34 years of age, to Marie Booth, a native of California, 22 years of age; both residents of this city.

John T. Hadley, a native of Iowa, 38 years of age, to Saticoy, to Lillian H. Wilson, a native of New York, 27 years of age, of this city.

I do not believe that the cacique had any part in the massacre, except in the defense of the garrison. Columbus had returned here, but he was too much disengaged by what had occurred to entertain the thought of founding upon the ruins of Navidad. He sent a caravel further along the coast in search of a site; and here Columbus himself sailed out of our story.

HOW I FOUND A RELIC OF COLUMBUS.

The founding of Navidad is the most interesting incident of the first voyage of Columbus, after the discovery of the first land. Anything throwing light upon that interesting episode should be welcomed by the world as an important contribution to the stores of history. Such contributions I have made, and it is authentically established beyond a doubt.

Sent to the West Indies as a special commissioner of the Columbian exposition, I arrived at Hayti in due course, landing in the port of Cape Haytien. I had an important clew to a valuable "find," and I at once sought out our consul, who put me in communication with the head of the government. This gentleman, Gen. Nord Alexis, was the actual president in the north, having rendered invaluable aid to President Hippolyte in his struggle for power. It so happened that he was the brother-in-law to the general who owned the estate upon which was the historic reef I sought, and he took me out to view it.

This reef was nothing more nor less than an anchor of the Santa Maria.

A learned friend in Santo Domingo had told me of it, and I was anxious to see it, and, if a genuine relic, to pur-

chase it. My friend had investigated the subject and regarded the anchor as "authentic."

It is a very natural question, "How can you prove the genuineness of an anchor lost 400 years ago and trace it back to the very ship from which it was taken?"

This would seem difficult, on its face,

and if I had the space I would give all the links in the chain of circumstantial evidence which leads directly back to the time and scene of the Christmas wreck. It must suffice here that my friend knew the spot at which the wreckage was deposited was Guarico, now Petit Anse, and that fort was built near, and that in 1498 a fort was destroyed and all in it dispersed among the natives. Following out the clews afforded him by tradition and historical evidence, my friend discovered two old anchors, one about two and the other three miles from Guarico. Both bear every evidence of extreme antiquity. Each is of forged and hammered iron, about nine feet in length, and with a great ring over a foot in diameter. Sketches and photographs have been sent to Paris and Madrid, and they have been pronounced types of the anchors in use at the end of the fifteenth century.

At the time he discovered these anchors, my friend was living at the cape, and from the proprietor of the estate on which one of them was found he received it as a present. But he did not remove it, and when I met him, in San Domingo, he kindly gave me permission to take it away to Chicago, for the Columbian Exposition.

Armed with a letter of introduction to the proprietor (as already stated), I went in quest of the relic. Together this gentleman and I ambled over the salines, and then through scattered gardens and the remains of ruined estates, to the ruins of the old "great house," about three miles distant from the city. The estate is one of the many which were abandoned at the time of the massacre of the French, 100 years ago. The General de Saussure descended from one of the black liberators, to whom as a portion of his share of the spoil, fell this once beautiful estate, now unused and uncultivated. We rode through the remains of a great avenue of tall trees and hitched our mules at the corner-post of a dilapidated dwelling.

A few yards distant stood the an-

chor, leaning against the stone pillars of an old well-curb, across which it had once been placed as an attachment for a rope and pulley.

A single glance convinced me of its genuineness.

If it should be asked how it came so far from shore, a mile away from its Guarico, I should say, first, that it may have been cast off by the Indians for some purpose which it evidently served.

Again, it may have been carried inland by the Indians, after the attack on Navidad. The mountain chieftain, Caonabo, may have undertaken to transport it to his interior province, and finding it in the bottom of the river, the stream which flows into the sea, he cast it ashore.

Or it may have been cast off by the Indians, after the attack on Navidad, and the anchor was an engine of destruction, or essential to the working of the caravels, on the sea, the simple savages may have removed it as far as possible from the coast.

Anyway, there the anchor was before me at last, and I lost no time in negotiating for the precious relic, with the result that next day it was on board the China steamer Ozama, and on its way to Chicago via New York and Washington—the only existing relic that Christmas disaster of Christopher Columbus.

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city—those copies of the original caravels, now building in Spain—the interest in them cannot but be enhanced by the information I have given you regarding an anchor you will see in one of them—this veritable anchor of Columbus—and when, and where, and how I obtained it.

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J. I. D. Moore, a native of Canada, 27 years of age, of Santa Monica, to Emily MacCochran, also a native of Canada, 24 years of age, of University.

Gustav Adolph Neth, a native of Germany, 34 years of age, to Fannie Leachman, a native of Missouri, 24 years of age; both residents of this city.

C. I. D. Moore, a native of Canada, 27 years of age, of Santa Monica, to Emily MacCochran, also a native of Canada, 24 years of age, of University.

NO HOUSEHOLD WHICH IS BLESSED WITH CHILDREN SHOULD BE WITHOUT AYER'S CHERRY PECTIN. In the treatment of croup and whooping cough the pectoral has an almost magical effect. It relieves inflammation of the air passages and controls the desire to cough.

Special Christmas Offerings.

We sell Dinner, Tea and Toilet Sets of hand-wrought designs. Crockery, Glass and China are of the highest quality.

Our Pure Teas and Spices have no equal.

Our pure American and Foreign Tea Co., 130 N. Main and 38½ Spring.

An extra Christmas gift to each customer.

A SENSIBLE PRESENT is the one that is most appreciated. Call on us and we can show you a fine line of useful things. Mullein, Bl



quantity of coffee to be used in making the beverage. There is such a diversity of opinion upon these points that perhaps the taste of the drinker is the best guide. Some authorities recommend three, some two, and some one and a half tablespoonsfuls of ground coffee to each pint of water used. Personally, I prefer a mixture of two thirds Java and one-third Morello, and two tablespoonsfuls of each pint of water, and think this makes coffee that suits the average taste. If coffee be made strong, it is easily weakened by the addition of water or milk; but if it be made weak it is rather difficult to strengthen it. To make it too strong is therefore safer than to make it too weak.

TO MAKE TEA.

Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson is being discussed quite a great deal by the ladies of Los Angeles, among whom she is well known, since her peculiar sentiments in regard to marriage have been made public in connection with her husband's application for divorce, and I am glad to note that the sentiment of the best women in this community is not with her in relation to this subject. The day has not yet come when the sacredness of the marriage relation is to be ignored by every woman who has aspirations for a "career." Womanly development and womanly independence does not necessitate this, and no true woman's heart would ever demand it. I have no sympathy with that lax sentimentalism which permits that person the easy slumbering of the marriage tie. It is this very ease with which it may be set aside that causes people to view it so lightly. Does marriage mean nothing but choosing a partner for such time as may please you, for such time as the marriage relation does not conflict with other schemes and selfish ambition? Is there no sacred meaning, no validity to the pledge, "till death do us part?" These lax views in regard to marriage hold within them the very essence of immorality. Remained from the civilization of the past, the idea of the enduring family relation, came it from the sentiment that holds the husband's obligation sacred and binding; that makes wifehood lasting and holy till death parts, and you introduce moral confusion and anarchy, and strike a blow at the very foundations of the national life. It is the sacredness of marriage that makes the social life of civilization differ from that of savagery. It is this which sets virtue on high and anoints our eyes to see beauty and loveliness and loyalty in family ties. Is this enough? Is this principle of affection that gives the human strength and courage to battle with misfortune, and fills the heart of the wife with such hope and tenderness as will not let her sink or be discouraged. She may have intelligence and culture of the highest type, but she will recognize the fact that whatever debars her from her duty to her husband and children is not for her.

It is only the falsely, the selfishly ambitious woman who overrides all of these primary obligations to her family that she may achieve the secondary ones which she imagines that she owes to society and the world. Greatness is reached through the neglect of the duties that lie nearest us, however humble they may be, and reaching out for those which we hold greater for we may rest assured that we shall fail in the greater if we have been unfaithful to those which we hold least.

What woman requires in free and intelligent America is not so much more liberty, but the knowledge, the capacity and the desire to make the most of the opportunities and the freedom which she has. She does not need to uproot herself to that. She does not need to disregard her holiest and most binding obligations, only to work intelligently and diligently along these lines, and she will accomplish greater results, more beneficial to herself and the world, when inspired by tenderness and responsive affection than she can ever secure by casting aside all the sacred ties that bind her to home.

SUNSHINE.

A GOOD CUP OF COFFEE.

The Best Ways of Making Coffee and Tea.

Contributed to the Times.

Commercial travelers, who have been on the road for a quarter of a century or more, assert that there has been a perceptible improvement during that time in the quality of the coffee and tea served at hotels, restaurants, boarding-houses and railway stations. Without questioning the truthfulness of their assertions, it can be safely said that there is great need of further improvement in the quality of the tea and coffee served in most of those places at the present time. And that these beverages are not generally of excellent quality at the average private table. I infer from the numerous queries put to me, almost daily by housekeepers, as to the best method of making them.

Yet it is safe to say, grade either coffee or tea of the very best quality that it seems scarcely possible for any one of ordinary intelligence to ever fail to do so.

TO MAKE COFFEE.

If a pot with a cloth bag or strainer be used, it is only necessary to place the bag in the pot, put the desired quantity of finely ground coffee in the bag, pour over the pot the quantity of boiling water, cover the bag closely and let stand till the water has slowly trickled through the bag. The pot should be heated with boiling water, which should be emptied from it before the bag is put in place, and in pouring the water over the coffee it should be poured slowly and around the bag so as to saturate all the strength from it. I have used one of these pots and sacks for several years, and prefer this method of making coffee to any other. As delicious coffee as one need care to drink can be made in a simple pot in this manner. Mix the ground coffee with the white of an egg and a little cold water, stirring them well together, then pour in one-third of the amount of cold water wanted, and set the pot on the stove where it will heat up gradually. As soon as the water begins to boil add another third of cold water, and when it again reaches the boiling point add the balance of the cold water. After the entire quantity of cold water has been added let it again come to the boil, and then remove from the stove and let stand for a few minutes to settle. It will set in quicker if a little cold water is dashed into the pot before removing it from the stove. Boiling water can be used instead of cold water, in making coffee by this method; but cold water makes a stronger infusion than hot water, as none of the strength of the coffee is carried off in steam or lost by evaporation when steeped in cold water, and the aroma seems to be extracted better by cold water.

There are so many varieties of coffee and such a difference in taste that it is useless to offer any advice in regard to the special variety to select, and the same holds in a measure as to the

Edinburgh. Mrs. John A. Logan, on the behalf of the District of Columbia, is urging the lady board of managers to extend an invitation to the Scotch girl to visit the fair, and also to raise a fund to defray the expenses of her journey to America.

To be welcomed to the cottage of Robert Burns by his handsome great-granddaughter, to whom look into the poet's eyes and to hear her voice, some of his own blood, would be the pleasure of Scotland's poet—and the world was his—a perfectly ideal pleasure. Mr. Bruce assures the board that she but awaits their invitation.

LIDA ROSE McCABE.

ADA BACHE-CONE.

The Dress Expert Tells What to Wear at Breakfast.

Pretty and Economical Suggestions—Flannel Gowns—A Luxurious Idea—Winter Petticoats—Notes.

Special Correspondence of The Times.

PARIS, Dec. 17.—If it were not for the home folks that love us and love our dress because it is ours, and not because it embodies fashion or money, we might lapse entirely into dressmakers' puppets. These, at least, thank heaven, of all that look on us desire our dress to enhance our beauty. And so we are saved, or partially. We relax the fear of our neighbors, toss aside the fashion plate and try to look a little pretty; to make what we wear express ourselves. In the dim future, when we have all become artists, we shall each wear what we please abroad, and each show the world in our dress something original and lovely. At present aesthetic knowledge is so scarce that one idea has to go round for everyone, and so the habit comes of imitating others like the same model, and arriving to it being held in contempt. But hold fast, friends, to the rights of the home pot, keep out dressmakers' models as such, and don't let curious new gowns and garnitures interfere with their strangeness twist you and yours at the breakfast table.

Here there is privilege to study effect with cheap fabrics; to make something lovely out of next to nothing. This audience does not measure the beauty of what you wear by its cost. Here one can essay making their own garments or having them made by the day seamstress, for precision of cut is not wanted, but something becoming. All is forgiven the morning gown if only it is pretty.

FLANNEL GOWNS.

Flannel is the stand-by for the negligé morning gown, now, as always, warm, durable and inexpensive. A good twill flannel has infinite wear in it, and beautiful looks and daintiness. Such a fabric of a solid color with facings of ribbons makes an elegant garment. I have seen one of white with borders of magenta satin ribbon. The form used was very simple, after the sack manner, with a little fullness plaited in at the neck, back and front. The ribbon, four inches wide, was sewed under the edge and turned over like a hem down the front. The effect is better when it is laid on flatly without being turned over; for in this way it has an appearance of being part of the fabric. Such a simple and serviceable collar is similarly bordered, a belt and how the ribbon confines the fullness at the waist. Such a gown may be lined or there may be worn under it as a separate garment to serve as a lining. The last way is preferable. There are in the market this year fabrics made for just such purposes, of cotton, wool or silk quilted in the loom.

A gown of dark red flannel has a shoulder cape some seven inches deep and Russian sleeve caps, both border with beaver. Fur edges the neck and the belt. Fawn colored flannel or satin ribbon would give the same color contrast.

Sleeves for these gowns are a loose coat or else bell shaped. That is, after the Turkish manner, wider at the bottom and caught into the arm just below the elbow with a plait. The coat sleeve has a plait or two on the inside of the arm. There is also the puff to the elbow with a ruffle below.

STRIPED AND FIGURED FLANNELS.

Pity the figured flannels are not beautiful. I have scarcely ever seen a design that was artificially satisfactory. If an occasional pattern strikes the eye from the shop counter as being agreeable, but consider yourself in it an indefinite number of times and you pass it by. The figures are bad, but vulgarize the fabric, and the stripes are elaborated too much and stare the beholder out of countenance. A stripe should be sufficiently indicated to vary the color and carry the eye down agreeably, but ought not to be too prominent. The texture of the skin, seamed and furrowed, is very realistic, and you can improve the plain fabrics with tints, pose, and general expression will make the most refined gown.

And there is the head of an old 49er. The years have silvered his hair and his long beard, but his rugged face stands out strong, vigorous in expression, as he sits with pipe between his lips, and looking with still keen, dark eyes upon the world about him.

The texture of the skin, seamed and furrowed, is very realistic, and you can improve the plain fabrics with tints, pose, and general expression will make the most refined gown.

It is possible, as I explained last season, to improve the effect of stripes; that is to say, by laying folds in clusters, to bring several stripes of one color together and so to break up the monotony of the regular stripes.

NEW AND SIMPLE.

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LUXURIOUS IDEA.

Silk lined with eider down flannel, the two quilted together, is an elegant idea for a robe de chambre. Fancy one of pale blue and pink silk in ribbon lines lined with pink flannel. Make it in simple form, as described for the white flannel, and turn one front back all the way down, to show the pink of the eider down. Make a loose sleeve, turned up to show a pink facing, add a Capuchin hood, which will have the坦neau of the famous robe. The shadow falls true; the sunlight holds warmth and nursing life; the ancient walls are gray and heavy; the vines upon the trellised arbor hang green and tender; the old is upon the old bench under the porch, and the native California, old and gray-headed, leaning upon his cane, is a picturesque figure upon the brown, dusty path. Beyond the house are the tall, green cedars, and the swaying pepper trees. How soft falls the sunlight on the arbor's top; how imperceptibly melt all harsh lines and shadows; how lovely over all is the blue of California's skies, radiant and glowing fair for the soft, white light in the west.

There is a marine landscape depicting an approaching storm, which is full of strength, but space will not admit of further detail.

OUR \$12.00 to \$15.00 all-wool suits are becoming very popular with Los Angeles people as is the California winter in the East. Mullen, Blight & Co.

THERE ARE trees in California so tall

that it takes two men and a boy to look to the top of them. One foot will be held straight up, and the other bent back, so that the

top of the tree is level with the ground.

Exchange. It is not necessary to look so far to ascertain the high grade of our Columbus Buggy Co.'s buggies for which we are sole agents. Hawley, King & Co., dealers in vehicles, 20-22 North Main street.

I have seen a morning gown of black

crepon or nun's veiling flecked with old rose, cut half low in the neck and gathered and worn over a black, silk guimpe. It was trimmed with rushes of black and of rose silk, and had matton leg sleeves. It is an Empire suggestion, as seen in the drawing here.

Of flannel blouses there is not space

to speak, but a suggestion for one is given in a drawing.

WINTER PETTICOATS.

Silk petticoats have adapted themselves to cold weather and taken on luxurious warmth with their prettiness. This has been managed by lining them with flannel. Some delightful color combinations are produced thus: For instance, a striped shot silk of blue, fawn and yellow is lined with blue flannel. The edge has a ruffle silk lining and the two pinked together. Other skirts are made of the favorite turned in several rows of cord stitched between the outside and lining. A small woven cord sewed along the edge prevents the skirt from wearing.

Quilted skirts are greatly in vogue, and are made from the fabric spoken of above, and also from varieties woven on purpose for skirts. Moreen skirts also are much worn. They are woven with moire effects, and are plain and in stripes of two colors, black and scarlet being particularly liked.

ADA BACHE-CONE.

The FIRST CHRISTMAS.

Than fairy tale more precious and more sweet.

Wonderful and strange the story I repeat;

Fuller of mystery than any tale that's wrought.

From magic fancy's ever-glowing thought;

Fuller of hope than any words can speak.

Buller of bliss for lowly souls and meek.

Fair was the night and clear the starlit

snows; And green, the hills which did in beauty rise;

The winds were hushed, and only breezes light;

Fanned with soft wings the dusky brow of

The waters slept, and in their placid rest

The shining stars were mirrored in their breast.

The drowsy shepherds lay upon the ground,

That white-fleeced flocks dotting the fields around.

And all was still; not any sound was heard;

And palm and olive leaf were scarcely stirred.

On holy night, long centuries ago,

When in a manger Bethlehem's Babe was born;

Oh, drowsy shepherds! Suddenly their

Opened in wonder, filled with strange surprise,

For lo! the heavens grew brighter than the dawn;

And fair than the golden sun of morn

Shone a strange star, and all the air grew thick;

With angel wings. Then joyfully and

quiet.

The shepherds caught, with listening ears intent,

The song they sang, and when 'twas done

They went.

To fair city which the hillside crowned,

Set with palms and pleasant gardens round;

Up the steep slope with eager feet they run;

To find the Babe of which the angels sung;

How rude the place, how brown the un-

painted wood,

And dim the stalls in which the cattle stood;

No light save from the one small lamp which swung

From knotted rope above the manger hung;

No bed, save the brown hay to cattle fed,

No pillow for the little baby's head.

But the glad shepherds saw not anything

Save the earth, the Babe, earth's newborn Lord and King;

Their ears still held the echo of that song

The angels sang—"Today the Christ is born!"

Still shone the star, and lo! its golden light

F

—“this is los angeles’ greatest dry goods house; the growth of this business the past year stands without a parallel in the history of the dry goods trade of this city; everything just, everything honest, everything that is fair is the motto we stand by—growing today faster and more solidly than ever before.”



—it don’t take long for a wide-awake person to see that our dress goods department is worthy your patronage—the clerks are the right kind, they give all the samples you want, they treat you squarely, they take pains to please you—our dress goods sales are more than double over a year ago.

“thousands..”

“upon thousands

—will rejoice today over the advent of another christmas; some will usher in the day with glad hearts and happy faces, there will be suffering and sorrow with others—the little tots will break early, explaining the loss of their stockings and wondering why they were not larger—have you ever thought how easily you could better the condition of those around you by extending a little thoughtful care on their behalf?—you may have a sick neighbor; send them a few flowers, or, what is better, something to eat or to drink; it will bring glad tidings, not only to them, but to you—in the management of this business we endeavor, as far as possible, to remove all ideas of a command, and in its place, make a request; in place of “go and do so and so,” it is better to say “will you do so and so?”—you often obtain the same results and remove the harshness—during the year now drawing to a close, personal observation has been made as to the best way to effect results without giving offense to the employees, and the result has been the largest increase in trade ever made by any dry goods house in this city—employees partake largely of the manners of the house, and this is not always so, but in a large measure it is—an employer stands as a guide, an example, an influence, and the best cause for the action of their employees in paving the way for them to follow, and the guideboard has been sadly out of joint in many instances—today is the last day for learning the verses for the three prize dolls and the fifty dollars in cash for the sabbath school library fund—have your sabbath school superintendent certify as to the number of verses and the sabbath school to which you belong; either bring or send them in as soon as possible as the award will be made january 1st, 1893, and the prizes delivered the following day—who will be the fortunate ones?—the names will be published along with the number of verses and the name of the sabbath school; all can then see; the award will be fairly made.

—as you enter the store monday you will see the christmas things out of the way and the new ideas for presents are in their places—we commend at once to very largely increase business, and no stone will be left unturned to make this the greatest dry goods house in this country—all ready new ideas have been thought out to make greater improvements than ever before; but the time is past when men are to be won over to the thought of the vast details connected with a business of this size—mountains are dug away at times to reach the surface—shopping is tiresome at the best, and the effort will be made to redeem the vexations of the past, which are found everywhere, by giving more attention to your comfort and pleasure; employees will be admonished to take a little more pains, to be more thoughtful when questions are asked, to see that your shopping here will be a pleasure in place of a discomfort; there will be nothing snappish when you ask for a sample; it will be given you as cheerfully as the cutting off of a dress would be, and when you go away you carry with you a good word for this house and the employees—smart clerks are ruinous, sensible clerks are a vast benefit; thoughtful clerks bring custom, independent clerks drive them away—we attribute the large increase in this business to the more than ordinary good assistance employed.

—again we commence the early closing every night in the week, and there will be no let up until the week preceding next christmas—the writer was conversing with a traveling man a few days ago and was referring to the great success of a merchant he formerly knew, and he said the success of that man commenced with the early closing movement and continued throughout his life—“george w. childs” has become the most popular man in america; his success arose in looking out for the welfare of others, and the others, who were more numerous, looked out for his welfare—“a. t. stewart” became a great merchant through the judgment of men; he rarely made a mistake; little details were attended to through competent assistance, and this made his name and fame mighty, although the credit was largely due to others—sometimes you see and hear of an employe who thinks the business could not exist without him, but the real man does not let new life seem to spring up and the business is better without him than it is with him—there is no doubt that the dry goods business today than “a. t. stewart” ever was; stewart took advantage of an opportunity, the fruit was plucked when it was ripe; while others have planted the seed and nurtured the tree and have prospered by newer ideas and newer ways—other men are to be born who will be giants in business intellect compared with the present ideas of doing business—thought brings its results and the best results are obtained by thought; this is moralizing; we all moralize; some dream of riches while eating a crust of bread, and this crust of bread may be the beginning of the greatest prosperity in this man’s future—you may say advertising does not pay; then why do you read this? you may argue it is for pastime; then we have gained our point; you have become a listener and you may become a thinker, and when you do, this is the mecca you will journey to; your thoughts will lead you this way to see if the ideas are carried out, and if they are, they are our task has become a fact and you will be one of the many who have been brought under the spell of advertising; let us say to you this business is done on a sound basis, our prices, plain figures, no deviation; if you expect to buy goods at any other basis we certainly can’t expect your patronage—this is los angeles’ greatest dry goods house; it is growing now as never before, and the coming year will demonstrate beyond a doubt this assertion—we believe in being alive in business; we believe in catering to the masses, and we believe in the rapid turning over of stocks—won’t you be one of the many to at least pay us a visit?

—kid glove sale—handsome japanese glove boxes given free to every purchaser of one pair of kid gloves; gloves \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00.

“our christmas..”

—trade was beyond doubt the largest in the history of the dry goods business of this city; it was stupendous at times—christmas trade of this house stands without a parallel—this is los angeles’ greatest dry goods house; here the crowds are always seen—two large floors, over 15,000 square feet of room, and this great place packed at all times—the christmas trade in dress goods was up into big figures: our dress goods trade for the entire year is more than double over one year ago—this is los angeles’ largest advertiser, and it pays: the increase alone the past year demonstrates this—we close every night in the week, and this pays—if you want the best dollar velvet you ever saw we have it—if you want the best dollar line in all-wool dress goods you ever saw we have it—if you want to see the largest variety of dollar black dress goods we have them; our 80c, 75c and dollar lines are the largest and finest in this market.

“three popular prices!
“three popular lines of
goods!”

broadcloths—there is nothing more stylish; our assortment is complete—samples given cheerfully and freely; you will be waited upon properly in this department; if you want a sample don’t hesitate to ask for it; if you want to look the salesmen will be pleased to show you—broad-gauge and liberal is our idea for doing business.

“umbrellas..”

—the kind that don’t leak, for a dollar; nickel handle.

—largest, heaviest and finest huck towel you ever saw for a quarter—have you seen the new linen room?

—“if you want good treatment, if you want to be waited upon by pleasant salespeople, if you want to be treated right, if you want attention paid you, if you want a sample, if you want to be treated in a sensible manner, we cordially invite you come and see us—this is los angeles’ greatest dry house.”

“113-115 north spring street.”

—the Linen department and the Linen room will be one of the big attractions for the coming year; this is Linen headquarters; this is los angeles’ greatest dry goods house; the growth the past year has been marvelous—watch the growth of our Linen department; it is in the front row.

“let us speak..”

“today of the present.

—we shall also tell you our plan for the future—to make this the greatest dry goods house in the city nothing will be left undone; we shall reach out with more advertising, more energy, more perseverance; this is today los angeles’ greatest dry goods house; the growth the past year has been enormous; think of the growth in the cloak room alone; contrast this with the great increase in the big dress goods department; think of what has been done in the Linen room in ninety days, and then you can have but a small idea of what the growth has been throughout the house—the millinery trade alone is very large—the corset and underwear, you all know, has shown the impulse of still greater growth—we are letting the light shine in on improved methods, modern ways, humanity recognizes early closing in increased energy among all the employees; brighter ideas prevail in modern merchandizing—let us say a few words about our Linen room and our Linen department; Linen is an every-day-in-the-year business; there is no change of seasons in the Linen department; people eat in the summer, in the winter, in the fall and in the spring; they use towels every day in the year; they use white quilts as well; we have studied the Linen question thoroughly and well—we have brought to our assistance a man who is bright in Linen ideas; he knows Linens from ‘a to i’; he understands the art of waiting upon Linen buyers as well as Linen lookers; he will show you the goods whether you wish to purchase or not, and will never tire in trying to please you; then, with a Linen stock unequalled and the only Linen room west of Chicago, what is to prevent this being Linen headquarters?—the Linen trade has already taken a cannon ball carrom and has gone sky high—there is no doubt about having already captured the Linen trade of the town—we have instilled force and energy into this department; many and many a time the past few weeks we have had four and five hands behind the Linen counter measuring off Linens, and yet we have only begun to make a noise about Linens—we have thumped and banged away on cloaks for two solid years, and we have just got into the A B C of the cloak trade; we shall hammer away on Linens day in and day out until you recognize this as Linen headquarters—we are not going to tell you we sell Linens cheaper than any one else; it is too early to start in to lie; what we do say is this: we shall make a good, fair profit on every dollar’s worth of Linen we sell, a just and a reasonable profit—we throw in good treatment; we will show you these goods freely, and after you buy them if you feel for a moment you can do better elsewhere, don’t hesitate a moment, but bring the goods back and get your money—our Linen room is made to show goods more than to sell them; for that reason we cordially invite visitors—bring your friends as well, and let them see what an enterprising merchant can do in the way of a show when he gets started that way—again we say, this is Linen headquarters, and there is no mistake about it.

“do you wear..”

“royal worcester corsets?”

—long, medium and short waists; also extra long and extra short; dollar up—
—we sell silk pongee corsets—we carry the finest fitting long waisted corsets; we give you the best dollar corset you ever saw—our short waisted corset is a model for fit; dressmakers everywhere recommend Royal Worcester; it is the leading corset in this city today; try a Royal Worcester.

“oh, what..”

a surging, bustling throng on Spring Street do we see; where are they from and whither they go, jolly as they can be—a little maiden and her ma pursue their devious way, seeking a good place to trade this pleasant winter day—“why do they all to sheward go?” the little maid did cry: “why, sheward’s is the place to go,” her mamma made reply—the people all have found at last the place they long have sought, where best of goods and at prices low can every day be bought—this is why they all to sheward go for goods of every grade; we’ll go there, too, for well I know it’s the best place to trade.

—bed comforts, bed blankets—our comforts and blankets will give you a good snooze, and who don’t like to snooze—we are a great snoozer ourselves—ask for the good snooze bedding; our Linen man will smile when he shows them; he is somewhat of a snoozer himself.

“two months..”

“more of cold weather

—two months more of cloak buying before the advent of spring—our cloak department is known far and wide as the largest in all the country; we have the cloak trade of this city; there is not one particle of doubt about this point—we sell more

“cloaks—”

—than all the other cloak houses combined—two years ago this was the smallest department in the city; today it stands without a rival—this year we have doubled the space and quadrupled the sales—fair methods have brought this about—one price, plain figures, places you in absolutely safe hands; we treat you right in every respect; no urging of sales, no advantage taken in any way—little by little we have forced the cloak buying by proper ways; upon no other basis have we cared for business—if you don’t care to pay more than \$2.50 for a cloak, you will be served with the same consideration and with as much pleasure as though you wish to purchase a garment for \$75.00; you are entitled to the same respect and consideration; you are not served by the size of your purse; this is not taken into consideration; we are a service—every one here, and we do; a salesman is allowed to neglect a small buyer for a large one; the policy of this house is to treat every one right—we know the cloak business has increased the coming season, and it will be; we shall put in more energy and more push; there will be more life and more vim—if you have never visited the cloak department we want you to now; if you only want to look by all means come here; give us a chance to gratify your tastes upon this subject, then if you wish to go elsewhere by all means do so—cloaks

\$2.50, \$3.00,

\$3.50, \$4.00,

\$4.50, \$5.00,

—this you will find to be the best cheap line you ever saw; then if you want finer and better goods, \$8, \$9, \$10, \$12, \$15, \$18; an excellent line and our largest sellers; we have some excellent styles at these prices—our fine novelties begin at

\$25.00

—and at \$75.00, with all prices between—our cape assortment is large—Paris has decreed that capes will be one of the leaders for the coming season; this is a hint to you—a few furs left; the stock is low and so are the prices.

—fur boas, fur capes, in the big cloak room; ladies’ capes; they will be the ruling feature for spring; advance advices indicate this; our assortment is the best, as usual.

“grub tastes..”

—better and is better when you eat off a nice white table Linen—our Linen stock is of the good kind, and at the same time of the reasonable kind when it comes to price—this

“linen dept.”

—is better in many respects than you usually see; good light and plenty of it, and a good big stock and the kind of stock most people hanker after—it’s on account of the prices, which are moderate, that make people mendander this way—the Linen room is finer than an ice-cream parlor—it’s as cosy as cosy can be.

“have you forgot

—anything in presents; you will still find a good assortment here—gloves, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00, and handsome

“japanese glove boxes

given free to all purchasers of a pair of kid gloves.

—take time tomorrow; look at the big dollar line of all-wool dress goods—a hint to your advantage.

“specials!

—all best zephyrs.....\$1.50
pocketbooks.....\$1.50
car purses.....\$1.50
purses.....\$1.50
—all-wool dress goods, extra quality.....\$1.50
barber towels, bath towels, hotel towels.....\$1.50
hair brushes.....\$1.50
combs.....\$1.50
kid gloves.....\$1.50
cloaks.....\$1.50
shawl and bag straps.....\$1.50
silverine bracelets.....\$1.50
chataining bags.....\$1.50
bevel-edge hand mirrors.....\$1.50
dolls, extra value.....\$1.50
—watch for our big job lot and	

“remnant annex”

—it will be along in a few days—this house is in the lead on all improvements; gaining more trade than all the others combined—stubborn facts.

—Indies’ muslin underwear; a sample line, one-third less than manufacturers’ prices—think of it, one-third less than manufacturers’ prices.

MISS DORINDA'S PARTY.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

Contributed to The Times.
Miss Dorinda had determined to have a party, and as there were very few people so certain to get their own way as Miss Dorinda, the party was an accomplished fact before it began.

Miss Dorinda permitted herself to be born and resided in the sleepiest old town in Virginia; it was supposed that the Rappahannock River ran by it—but it didn't, it simply does along that it might be in harmony with the people about it. It could not be spoken of as a lively town—although it once got up an improvement company, and \$3000 were spent in advertising it in the Northern newspapers, the result was not an improvement. Two forlorn families came down there and built two small houses. This was all right so far went, but they were so depraved that they never allowed for gardens, lawns, and the houses, and, as Miss Dorinda said, "Where in the world are they going to get vegetables?" And where in the world, if they want to be neighborly, will they have any flowers to send people?"

Every day at 2 o'clock a newspaper arrived from the North, Miss Dorinda and her paternal parent, who thought that God made one perfect girl and that the rest of them were mere copies and bad ones of her, would carefully read every part of that paper and be duly shocked, pleased, scornful or horrified. Miss Dorinda grew to be great on the subject of the laboring man, and she said when her father, the tall, dignified old daddy in the world, talked political economy to her, "Now, you dear old thing, that's all very well in black and white, but when it comes to helping along the laboring man it's the women who have got to do it. They have got to do it some way. I don't just know how. But if it is ever my privilege to meet the laboring man I will show it."

It was concluded by somebody in the North that the railroad tracks along the country needed mending, and so there came down a whole gang of rough-looking men, who worked and toiled during the hot summer days, and the evening came sat at the few saloons, or stepped on their boardings-houses or wherever they could go to rest and find amusement. As the days went by they got used to seeing standing on Col. Beverley's porch a tall slender girl, who had the bluest eyes and the brownest hair, and who used to look at them as they went by with interest. In those eyes. After a while they took to darning their caps to her, and one evening she walked down and said: "If any one of you men would like a rose I would be very glad indeed to have you come in my garden and let me give you one—indeed, I should esteem it a great pleasure." The little lady's quaint manner and her sweet face won over the forces of the railroad, and followed her through the iron gates, and she gave them roses and sweet Williams, black-eyed Susans, and magnolias, and crimson roses, and all the lovely, sweets smelling flowers that you find in Southern gardens alone. After that it got to be a custom as they went home for all of them to go in, and they never had a more courteous hostess, or one who pleased them better than Miss Dorinda. And you can imagine how happy she was when it reached her ears that Battling Tom, the sullen one, started to strike Little Jim, and then drew back, growling out: "I can't hit yer while you got the young lady's flower on; take off your buttonhole—then I won't see no woman's face comin' between us an' me."

The days came when the flowers stopped blooming, when the air grew a little chilly, and Miss Dorinda couldn't entertain her friends as she had done, but she was a bit of a diplomat, so she asked one of the men if he wouldn't help her make a violet pit so that she could have a bunch of violets to give to her mother in winter months. Next to the McKinley bill, in fact, I think, ahead of it, was their interest in Miss Dorinda's violet pit, and every evening found them looking at it, putting down a little money, and it was warm enough for the tender little blossoms carefully laying the straw over it and then bidding Miss Dorinda, good night and expressing a hope that the madame, that was what they all called Dorinda's mother, would have a good night.

Now just before holidays they seemed to lose interest in the pit. Dorinda watched for them, and they didn't come by, and then she started out Jerry, a colored gentleman (for he is a gentleman) to find out what was going on. He came back and told her that the men were meeting in a saloon at the other end of the town, and that there was a lot of talk about their wages being reduced and that they were going to do something awful, and he didn't know exactly what. He had a hunch, though, that they were going to shoot everybody in town except Miss Dorinda! That was the time she determined to have a party.

In having a party it is customary to send out your invitations about two weeks ahead, but Dorinda gave her's just two nights before the event. She went to her father and she told him what she was going to do. "He looked at her two or three times, and then he said—and there was a funny quaver in his voice—"My dear little girl, nearly 1900 years ago no woman suffered to bring into this world the child who died for all mankind. Now, if you can ease the heart of any human being in it, and do it in your own way—God bless you, and I know He will take care of you wherever you go." At 9 o'clock at night, dressed in a little gray gown with a long gray cloak around her and a big hat hiding her brown locks, and with just the mammy who had been her nurse along with her, Dorinda went out to issue her invitations. She went straight to that low saloon; she walked in, and there she saw the men she counted as her friends. Glasses were raised and clinked, and when she rose to her feet when he saw the girl, but she waved her pretty hand and said,

"Sit down, my friends. I want to talk to you just a little bit. I have always wished to have a party, and now I am going to have one, and I want everyone of you to come to it. It's to be on Christmas eve; that's the day after tomorrow, and I want you to help me be of good cheer. Somebody told me that you were in a little trouble; that the people you worked for were going to lower your wages, and that you thought of saying something to them. I know that you have determined to go on a strike. I don't know exactly what that is, but I don't like the name, and I am just going to say this to you, I think it would be wise if you would select the men who are quietest, and let them go and talk it over with the people who are in power, and then see how it comes out. In the meantime you mustn't do anything. You must first celebrate Christmas. Some of you will come to my house tomorrow evening and help trim it with green and holly berries, and a great bunch of mistletoe that comes to me from over the sea. English Dick, sitting over there,

will tell you how they use that in his home. And then I want the rest of you to go into the woods with Parson Carter and cut down some trees for the church, so that Christmas morning it will be a nest of bright green and red holly. Good-bye, and I shall expect every man of you to come to my party."

You never saw such a party in all your life. Every bit of silver that the Beverleys owned was polished till it shone like a looking-glass, and everything good to eat that a Virginian housekeeper ever dreamed of was on that table. There was a cunning little shoot pistol, with a lemon in his mouth and a bunch of brandy cherries tied to his tail. There were hams all stuck with cloves outside, and as pink inside as blush roses. There were all the most fashionable golden brown shad. There were oysters all frosted over, and there was one large oyster that had on it pink icing. "Welcome to Miss Dorinda's party." There were the thinnest of sandwiches, tied with red and blue ribbons, and there was—yes, there was eggnog. Miss Dorinda served it herself from a punch-bowl that had been on the table when Lafayette did them the honor of supping with them.

Somebody said it was a little dangerous having eggnog, but Dorinda, with all the pride of the Beverleys on her, answered loftily: "We always offer it to gentlemen at Christmas-time, and my friends are gentlemen."

At first the girls were a little awkward, but after the numerous cousins, the Carters and the Carrolls, the Mayos and the Stewarts from way up the river, talked to them and made them feel at home, they were all right. Battling Tom sat in one corner and glared, but when Miss Dorinda took him into supper and requested him in a whisper and as a personal favor to keep an eye on the younger men, Battling Tom smiled in a way that was an honest birthplace—Dublin. After supper the fiddlers came in, and Dorinda, at the top with Battling Tom, danced to Betty Carter at the foot with Little Jim, and all the rest of the girls. The dance was at its gayest; everybody was having the very greatest sort of a time, when Miss Dorinda saw a young man standing in the doorway beside her father. So did Miss Dorinda's partner, and, forgetting that it was his turn to chassé up to a lady, he made a bolt and said: "Here's Mr. Howe, boys; he'll make it all right." Then the boys cheered, and Battling Tom said to Miss Dorinda:

"That's the president of the road. He was away, but now he's come back; it's certain to be all right," and Miss Dorinda answered. "Tom, everything is certain to come all right if people will only wait and do the best they can." Tom never forgot the way she said it.

When it got to be 1 o'clock and the dances were over and the men were bidding them all good night, there wasn't one of them who didn't say, "God bless you, Miss Dorinda, and bring you a good Christmas gift."

Now, this all happened a year ago, and today, when the Christmas bells are ringing, there are kneeling in the little church in that sleepy southern town two people who are going to be married, and the bridegroom is being sung over his disbarred political grave. Secondly, there is no one mentioned for the place who has a large amount of money and the coming Legislature is going to be less susceptible to hooliganism than for years past.

White's fight is costing absolutely nothing. The other day Gen. Tom Clunie, who is in the scrap for White with both feet, detected a drouth in the headquarters and sent up some cigars, a lot of Napa soda and other things to cheer the visitors. These articles were deposited in 571 (John Gaffey's room) and actually a box of cigars, a dozen bottles of Napa soda, and a bottle of ether of other things, lasted three days. There has been nothing like it since the days when the late lamented Gov. Bartlett opened up headquarters before the convention of 1886 on a box of twofers and a pitcher of hydrant water, or since the San José convention, when a Southern California candidate for Surveyor General opened up at the Cogswell fountain and had Masters of Pasadena dishing out drinks as free air.

Senator Mathews divides his time between White's headquarters, Gilroy, and the doctor's office, and his numerous Los Angeles friends, will be delighted to know that the Senator is getting along fine. His health is improving, his fight for White is passing out, and, from the radiant expression on his face when he returns from Gilroy and the long and closely-written missives he receives from that point, one would conclude that his important business there was progressing nicely.

John Gaffey, who is keeping books for White on the Senatorial matter, and Jimmy Murphy of San José, his running mate, spend their time when not eating in putting up jobs on R. Woodland Gates. White's hyacinthlocked and tenor-voiced secretary, and the young man doesn't have some thrill expressed to William Cushing Esq., and J. V. Hannon on his return I am mistaken. Gates is at the "What Chear" House.

O. M. Welborn of Gilroy and Gavin McNab, of one of the leading young Democrats of this city, are in constant attendance at headquarters and are doing valiant service.

Russ D. Stephens of Sacramento and Harry Patton of Banning are doing good work, and have the whole Ali Baba troupe solid for White.

J. Marion Brooks, P. M. Darcy, Joseph D. Lynch and Fred Eaten are among the Angeles up here.

Really, the White managers say that his fight is a picnic, and the estimate I give in the first part of this letter is based upon careful calculations by the shrewdest men in the White fight.

ANGELINO.

When finished the statue will be placed in the most prominent position offered by the Montana building, and will not, as has been stated, be placed on top of the building, where Miss Rehan might look very uncomfortable in stormy weather, dressed in her lonely garment. While it is on exhibition there will constantly be on duty a guard of four Montana men, dressed in mountainous costumes and armed with Winchester rifles.

This precaution is thought necessary to prevent the statue from falling, and I think it would be wise if you would elect the men who are quietest, and let them go and talk it over with the people who are in power, and then see how it comes out. In the meantime you mustn't do anything. You must first celebrate Christmas. Some of you will come to my house tomorrow evening and help trim it with green and holly berries, and a great bunch of mistletoe that comes to me from over the sea. English Dick, sitting over there,

DRAW YOUR OWN CONCLUSION.

Mr. J. O. Davenport, manager of the Fort Bragg Redwood Company, Fort Bragg, Cal., says to say "Chamberlain's" Cough Remedy. "I used it for a severe cold and obtained immediate relief. In the Fort Bragg Redwood Company's store I saw Dr. John Beck & Son, druggists, No. 303 Main Street, and their medicines." For sale by John Beck & Son, druggists, No. 303 Main Street.

BUY ONE OF our \$12.00 or \$18.00 all-wool suits and you will have a happy Christmas in spite of yourself. Mulier, Blunt & Co.

B. B. self-raising Buckwheat.

IT LOOKS WHITE.

The Contest for the United States Senatorship.

The Lay of the Land Up to Date—"Our Steve" a Sure Winner—The Relative Strength of the Candidates.

Special Correspondence of The Times.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 22.—If there are any enthusiastic patriots from the sunny Southland who are thinking of coming up here to help out the fight of the "Sage of the Citrus Belt," they might as well stay at home, for the fight is practically over. Stephen M. White is as certain to be elected to the United States Senate when the Legislature meets as Cleveland is to be inaugurated President on the 4th of March. Whatever doubt there was in the situation was removed on yesterday, when Judge J. F. Sullivan withdrew from the contest, and he and J. J. Dwyer, the leaders of the reorganized Democracy of San Francisco, walked boldly into White's camp. This is construed to mean that White will get at least seventeen out of the twenty Democratic legislators in the San Francisco delegation.

To sum the matter up, White has forty-three votes; Jerry Lynch one (Senator Arenas); Billy Foote three (Senator Wilson, Brownlie of San Francisco, and Emeric of Contra Costa.) There are eleven members who are on the fence, waiting to fall on the strongest side, and it is safe to say that will join the better forces before the Legislature meets. This is no enthusiastic estimate of the Senatorial fight. It is an absolutely correct one, and when we add to White's column the Populists who are pledged to him, the result cannot be doubted.

But is there no interest or excitement in the fight, which of course are prevented by the lack of opposition, there is a good deal of pleasure in it. White has headquarters at Nos. 573, 571, 572, 570, Palace Hotel, and he stays there pretty much all the time, entertaining callers in his usual genial and happy manner. His rooms are arranged at all hours with legislators and prominent men from all sections. It is also a most significant fact that every man who has any aspirations toward appointment to a Federal office is flocking to the White standard.

The Foote boom is bolstered up by the Examiner, and that paper very judiciously charged that all the country or bucolic papers supporting White were railroad organs. This has raised a howl of indignation all over the State, and the Examiner is fast finding out that the average bucolic editor can get in a "roast" done to as beautiful a turn as can Ambrose Bierce or Arthur McEwen.

It is my opinion there will be no attempt made to use money in this fight. In the first place the issue of brains against wealth was so clearly defined during the election that the men who attempts to use money, will go down to everlasting infamy without hope of recovery, as loss of brain power, weariness, bearing down pain in the head, loss of energy, loss of prostration, nocturnal emissions, leucorrhœa, dizziness, weak memory, loss of power and impotence, which, if affected, will be permanent and incurable. Price \$1.00 a box; 6 boxes for 8s. Sent by mail on receipt of price.

The Aphrodite Medicine Co. H. M. SALE & SON, 229 South Spring st.

Dr. Pritchard.

Rectal, Female and Chronic Diseases.

Such as Asthma, Bronchitis, Consumption, Constipation—Dyspepsia, Nervous Prostration, Insanity, Impotency, Paralysis, Rheumatism, Skin Diseases, etc., etc., etc.

Treated by an Entire New Method.

See for home (free) which will explain fully how chronic diseases of all kinds are readily relieved and cured.

Rectal Diseases CURED in from two to four weeks. Call on or address

H. M. SALE & SON, 229 South Spring st., Los Angeles.

Office hours, 12 to 4 p.m. Telephone 189.

IF YOU HAVE DEFECTIVE EYES

and value your eyes which will explain fully how chronic diseases of all kinds are readily relieved and cured.

Rectal Diseases CURED in from two to four weeks. Call on or address

H. M. SALE & SON, 229 South Spring st., Los Angeles.

Office hours, 12 to 4 p.m. Telephone 189.

IF YOU ARE LOOKING FOR BARGAINS

—IN—

Underwear & Overshirts

CALL ON

MACHIN, THE SHIRTMAKER

233 S. SPRING-ST., L. A.

Patented

WINDMILL

104 N. Spring-st., Los Angeles.

Patented



on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, January 3 and 4, and will sing their rollicking college songs to large audiences doubtless. Their manager is already here, working up the concerts.

FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Stephens and nieces are spending Christmas at Coronado.

Dr. S. M. Hitt of Cayucos is in the city for the holidays.

Prof. and Mrs. H. L. Lunt and Mrs. Goodwin of Ontario are in the city for the holidays.

Miss Lucy Bonjour, stenographer for David C. Cook at Piru, has come down to the city to spend Christmas with her sister.

John Mason and family of San Diego arrived yesterday to spend Christmas with his brother, George Mason, and family of Grand Avenue. They will be accompanied on their return to San Diego by Mr. and Mrs. Simeon Brownell of DeWittville, N. Y., who are visiting here.

Mrs. M. H. Newmark and Miss Emma Newmark left for San Francisco last Wednesday to spend the holidays.

Mrs. G. Louis and daughter of Son Diego are guests of Mrs. Jacoby on South Hope Street.

Louis and Melville Nordlinger and Miss Freda Hellman are spending the holidays with their parents.

Miss Ermine Prouty left for the north Thursday evening to spend the holidays with friends.

EASTERN STAR SOCIAL.

Thursday evening last Mrs. H. N. Bard of East Los Angeles was surprised by about forty members of Acacia Chapter, O.E.S., who took this occasion to tender their congratulations to their new worthy matron and enjoy a social evening together. They entertained themselves with progressive euchre and other games, and were afterward entertained by the matron. The prizes distributed to the winners of the various games were elegant and appropriate, that received by the gentleman who succeeded in staying longest at the foot being especially pleasing.

The evening was greatly enjoyed by all, and it is hoped that the new matron's whole official life may be as pleasant and happy as she succeeded in making her guests on this occasion.

THEY HAVE RETURNED.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Robbins have returned from their six months' visit to New York, and have opened their handsome home on Pearl street.

Mr. and Mrs. S. M. White, accompanied by Mrs. Sariste, have returned from San Francisco.

Wednesday evening—Columbian carnival, Los Angeles theater; Christmas exercises at First Congregational Church and at Christ Episcopal Church.

Thursday evening—Exchange party at Armory Hall; Hamlin Garland at Unity Church.

Friday evening—Severance juvenile reception; Hamlin Garland.

Saturday evening—Concordia ball.

UNIVERSITY STUDENTS.

With the approach of Christmas the university boys and girls come trooping home for the holidays, and they are as welcome as sunshine after rain. They have not yet taken up the serious affairs of life, and their gay laughter and jolly jokes, and college songs, and ready looks brighter. The Berkeley students arrived yesterday in a special car, which, when it left the Oakland mole Friday evening, was gaily decorated with blue and gold—the university colors, but these exterior decorations were somewhat damaged by the storm, and, consequently, presented a rather drenched appearance when the train pulled into the Arcade Depot yesterday afternoon. All the students wore the university monogram in blue and gold, and compelled the conductor and porter to also adopt the university colors.

The Los Angeles students who came down are Miss Gertrude Henderson, Miss Lou Williams, Miss Bertha Oliver, the Misses Hamilton, Miss Alice, Mrs. Russ Avery, Harry Van Dyke, L. H. Green, Harry Alexander, Eugene Pitcher, S. Haskins and Ned Hildreth.

Herman Eddy and Ed Van Dyke left the party at Bakersfield and family, of Mrs. M. A. Morse, who is a sister of Mrs. King, at No. 512 West Ninth street.

Mr. and Mrs. King of Portland, Or., arrived yesterday and are guests of Mrs. M. A. Morse, who is a sister of Mrs. King, at No. 512 West Ninth street.

Ex-Gov. J. P. St. John and wife of Kansas are in the city visiting Mr. and Mrs. Warren Gillette, of No. 1229 South Main street.

D. K. Warren, president of the Astoria National Bank of Astoria, Or., has arrived in the city with his family.

They have taken lodgings for the winter at the Hotel Figueredo.

Miss Ella Case of Portland, Or., is visiting her sister, Mrs. C. C. Gibbons, of No. 2124 Bonsal avenue.

IN THE CARD BASKET.

The next cotillon occurs on the evening of January 6.

Cards are out announcing the marriage of Miss Xora Avery to Perry T. Tompkins of San Bernardino. The ceremony will occur at the First Congregational Church on next Tuesday. Admission will be exclusively by card.

The marriage of Gustav A. Neth to Miss Pauline Leaman will occur Monday morning. The couple will spend the holiday week at Coronado.

The Stanton Relief Corps will give a Columbian carnival at the Los Angeles Theater, next Wednesday evening, under the direction of Mrs. Kendall Holt. Over fifty young ladies in costume will take part. Mrs. J. L. Llewellyn and other prominent vocalists will sing.

BATHAWAY STOTT.

The University Glee Club will come south next week to give a series of concerts in the cities and towns of Southern California. They will appear here

on

Tuesday

and

Wednesday evenings.

Do away with sweeping labor—all its dust, disagreeableness and back-aches—do away with it once and forever. Let it be a new style.

BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER

LET HER CHRISTMAS PRESENT

Do away with sweeping labor—all its dust, disagreeableness and back-aches—do away with it once and forever. Let it be a new style.



Ladies' desks,
china closets,
secretaries,
sideboards,
chiffoniers,
music cabinets,
blacking cases,
hall racks,
parlor tables,

This only names a part of our stock from which you can select a useful and substantial present, one that will gladden the hearts of those who receive it and make the giver feel the money was not spent in vain.

Popular Prices During
the Holidays!

SENSIBLE HOLIDAY PRESENTS!

brass tables,
Mexican onyx tables,
parlor suits,
parlor chairs and rockers,
rattan chairs and rockers,
children's high chairs and
rockers,
leather chairs and rockers,
footstools,

bedroom suits, folding beds,
Dahgistan and Smyrna rugs,
art squares, carpets,
silk and lace curtains,
portieres, curtain poles,
linoleum and oil cloths,
fine mattings,
bookcases,
baby carriages, etc., etc.

the season. There is an enormous advance sale for the remainder of the engagement, and the succeeding three weeks will undoubtedly be quite as large as the first ones. *All Baba* has made the greatest financial and artistic success in the history of theatricals on the Pacific Slope.

A young man looked in at the Fourteenth Street Theater, New York, a few nights ago, during the scene between the "Ensign" and "The Secretary of the Navy."

"That's my father on the stage," he exclaimed. "Oh, good gracious!" said the boy, well explained that the character was intended for the late Gideon Wells, who was Secretary of the Navy during the war.

"That was my father," said the stranger, and he gave one of his cards to the manager. He is a son of the ex-Secretary of the Navy, and lives at Hartford, Conn.



The theatrical hiatus will come to an end next Friday and Saturday, December 30 and 31, when Harry W. Williams' company of players will present for three times their latest success, *Bill's Boot*, a spectacular burlesque in three acts by William F. Carroll.

The piece was first acted in New Haven, Ct., and scored a great hit. It is an original concert, constructed for laughing purposes and scenic surprises.

It is full of graceful and fetching comedy, as well as charming music, and introduces four clever comedians, Joseph J. Sullivan, Larry Smith and the Russell brothers, with a thoroughly competent cast of twenty-one artists.

Over two tons of scenery are carried with the company, and it is declared to be something out of the ordinary. The costumes are of the latest design and very costly.

The play was warmly received by the press of San Francisco, where a prosperous engagement has just been concluded, and no doubt Los Angeles theater-goers who like lively, clean, sparkling fun have a treat in store for them.

IN THE LOBBY.

Mascagni is now called the "Swan of Cremona."

Eliza Proctor Otis has become Editha Proctor since she went on the stage.

A Kentucky Colonel came to grief in New Orleans last week all on account of a \$62 judgment.

Pauline Lucca has recovered and has resumed her teaching at Vienna after an interruption of two years.

In a grand day in Ireland when Ada Rehan was selected to pose for the Montana solid silver statue of justice.

Maurice Barrymore has been reengaged as leading man of A. M. Palmer's stock. He will take his original rôle in *Alabama*.

The *Guardian*, an English play by Cecil Raleigh and George R. Simms, will soon open at the Lyceum Theater, New York.

One of Queen Victoria's choicest treasures at Windsor Castle is Mozart's old harpsichord, which is described as being a "quaint, rather shabby looking instrument, with a double set of keys."

Men & Women, Bill & Harris have signed a contract with J. Cheever Goodwin to write for them a new play embodying the best features of comic opera, farce comedy, minstrelsy and burlesque.

And now the late Charles L. Harris is claimed by two wives, one, Hattie Starr, and one, a peasant girl of Los Angeles, Cal. As both are said to have certificates, and as the widow is to have a benefit, it has become awkward.

Dumas' *Dem-D-Monde*, under the title of *The Trust of Society*, was produced in Boston on Monday night. It is a severe satire on the importance of the trust fund.

The object of this conservatory is the advancement of music in the United States, through the development of American talent, and no candidates are admitted unless positive aptitude is shown.

CHRISTMAS CELEBRATION.

Some of the Entertainments That Are Yet to Come.

The Chinese kindergarten of this city

will give its annual holiday entertainment at the First Presbyterian Church, corner of Broadway and Second street, on Wednesday evening, December 28. All who wish to see the Chinese children in their unique costumes and the progress being made in their education are cordially invited to be present.

A most interesting programme of songs, recitations, etc., will be given by the little ones; after which the Christmas presents, donated for the occasion, will be distributed. Exercises begin at 6:30. Admission free.

The Sunday-school of Christ Church, corner Flower and Pico streets, expects to have a Christmas celebration on Holy Innocents' Day, Dec. 28, 1892, at 7:30 p.m. The classes, each with a banner, are to march into the church and after circling the building are to be ranged about the Christmas tree. A special service, with a number of new carols, will ensue. The rector and superintendent will make addresses, and then the presents will be distributed. Christmas tide extends from Christmas day to Epiphany, January 6, and is a prolongation of the lessons and cheer of the great festival. For that reason this celebration is set in the middle of Christmas week.

Not from a Financial Standpoint.

I do not recommend Chamberlain's *Comedies* for the amateur, but for we have others in stock, on which we make a larger profit," says Al. Maginn, a prominent druggist of Bradock, Pa., "but I am afraid of our customers will speak of it than of any similar preparation we have in the store. For sale by Johnson & Son, druggists, No. 30 North Main street.

Heng Lee's Holiday Goods.

Chinese and Japanese curios, silk dress patterns, ladies' embroidered silk handkerchiefs, two for 25 cents. Manufactures laundry, umbrella, fans, etc., in various styles.

Also an extensive line of new holiday goods. Also an extensive line of new holiday goods. Also an extensive line of new holiday goods.

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